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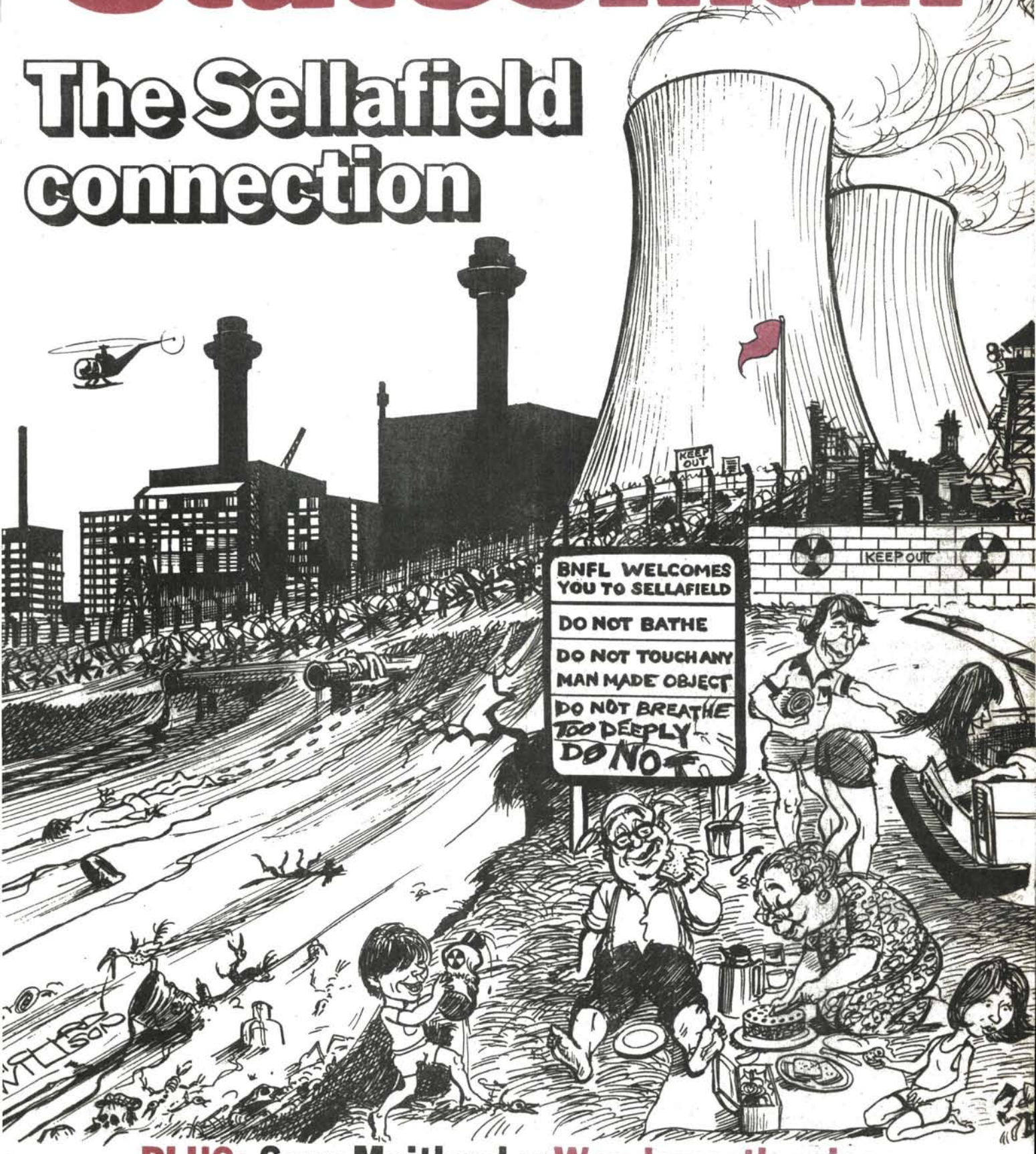
New Statesman

The Sellafield connection



PLUS: Sara Maitland • Wandsworth prison
Katherine Mansfield's letters • JB Priestley & the NS

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New Statesman

Cover illustration: Richard Willson

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New Statesman
Vol 108 No 2791 14 September 1984

Mrs Thatcher's Watergate

IT HAS NOW been established beyond question that John Nott, as Defence Secretary, lied to the House of Commons on 4 May 1982, when he made his original statement about the sinking of the *General Belgrano*. The Prime Minister, the rest of her government and the Whitehall information machine have gone on lying ever since.

In the face of these now established facts the government is trying to put a new gloss on the events of 30 April to 2 May 1982. Those who, like the indefatigable Tam Dalyell, have argued that the torpedoing of the *Belgrano* was part of a conspiracy to torpedo Peruvian and other peace efforts are, it is being asserted, way off beam. What happened was part of the cock-up theory of history — a war was going on 8,000 miles away, signals to and from the British submarine *HMS Conqueror* crossed each other in transmission, one may have been garbled and so on.

This attempt to rewrite the history will not wash. If the *Belgrano* had actually been an imminent threat to the British South Atlantic task force when she was sunk, then the United Nations doctrine of the right of self-defence could certainly have been used as effective justification for what happened. But, by the time that John Nott made his statement to the House of Commons, he knew that this had not been the case. What is more, the Ministry of Defence at least knew that the *Belgrano* had been no threat to the task force for 11 hours before she was attacked. They knew that the sinking would, therefore, almost certainly be regarded as an illegal act in international law; in effect an act of piracy.

It will be critical to any subsequent inquiry to be clear about the timing of events on 2 May. About 1 pm on that Sunday, ministers at Chequers agreed to alter the rules of engagement so that the *Belgrano* and *all* other Argentinian warships could be attacked without warning, even when outside the announced 200-mile exclusion zone. At 2 pm, on the regular two-hourly transmission, this new instruction was signalled to *Conqueror*. The signal was either garbled, or the submarine commander thought that it might be affected by the information he transmitted back at the same time that the *Belgrano* had been sailing steadily west — away from the task force and the exclusion zone — for some five hours. The new attack instructions were repeated at 4 pm (12 noon in the South Atlantic) and at 6 pm (2 pm South Atlantic). It has not been established why the *Conqueror* did not act on the 4 pm signal. The diary of one of *Conqueror*'s officers, which we have seen, records simply that the order to attack was received at 2 pm. The submarine went to action stations an hour later and attacked at 4 pm local time. When *Conqueror* reported its 'kill' at midnight London time (even Mrs Thatcher admits she'd heard of the Peruvian peace plan by then) the order was confirmed again and the submarine began searching for the *Belgrano*'s escorts, with the intention of sinking them.

THIS TIMETABLE raises the question of whether the war cabinet was ever informed that throughout Sunday the *Belgrano* had been giving every indication of proceeding home with its escorts. There was plenty of time for the decision to attack to be reconsidered. It is an embarrassing question for the Prime Minister. Either she was informed, in which case her personal responsibility for an act of piracy was direct; or she was not, in

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which case her repeated claims that the conduct of the military operation was under the closest political control go out of the window.

A much more fundamental point emerges, however, from this narrative. It is that the Prime Minister, the majority of the war cabinet and the chiefs of staff were clearly assuming throughout that the only solution was the use of force. On 21 April, Francis Pym said in the House of Commons: '... I will exclude military means so long as negotiations are in play. We want to do everything we can to achieve a peaceful result.' He was embarrassingly sent back to the chamber later that day to make a correction: 'I wish to correct it, because I think I made it clear throughout the exchanges that, however hard I was trying to achieve a peaceful settlement, the use of force could not at any stage be ruled out'.

On 30 April the 200-mile maritime exclusion zone was extended also to cover aircraft. On 1 May the Port Stanley airstrip was bombed. Pym on his way back for more talks with Haig told reporters that this was to 'concentrate Argentine minds' on a peaceful solution; but 'No further military action is envisaged for the moment other than making the Total Exclusion Zone secure'. Mr Pym, too, was lying, for an order had been given on 30 April for the aircraft carrier the *25 de Mayo* to be found and sunk outside the zone.

More important still, the change in the rules of engagement on 2 May, ordering the sinking of the *Belgrano*, included authorisation to sink *any* Argentinian war ship anywhere. Because of the concentration on the fate of the *Belgrano*, the point has not been taken that this was in fact a clandestine declaration of all out naval war against Argentina. By not announcing the fact that the exclusion zone, publicly reinforced only two days before, was no longer a limitation on the Royal Navy's freedom of action, the advantage of surprise attack on the high seas could be achieved at a time when, ostensibly, negotiations were still in progress.

The story as it unfolds, therefore, is not one of cock-up. It is one of deliberate deception about the real aims of the majority of the war cabinet from the beginning of the Falklands conflict. It is to covering up this story that Mr John Stanley, Minister of State for the Armed Forces, has so assiduously devoted himself on Mrs Thatcher's behalf. His sustained campaign to suppress truth and to suggest untruth in this whole episode is such a stain on honesty in government that he must now resign, even if Mrs Thatcher tries to continue to brazen out her Watergate. □

Shuffling uncomfortably

MRS THATCHER is now well into her tenth year as leader of the Tory Party. After anyone has been running something for a decade, they have to take personal responsibility for the state it's in. This week's long awaited reshuffle only serves to underline the extent to which the Cabinet under Mrs Thatcher has become a group of yespersons (actually yesmen, for there is not a single woman among the 21 of them).

First, completely extinct volcanos are for reasons of inertia still there. Lord Whitelaw is only 66, but looks and behaves much older. Lord Hailsham, 76, was a slightly surprising choice as Lord Chancellor back in 1979 and has stayed there ever since, because it has not proved possible to come up with competent choices for new law officers, if he stepped down.

Then there are the lightweights. Douglas Hurd is one such. It is said that he has charm and tact and diplomatic experience. But it would require real pro-consular political bottom to achieve any advance at all on the Irish question. Jim Prior had a chance of getting somewhere and the All Ireland Forum was an imaginative initiative. But he would have required the clear and unstinted backing of the Prime Minister to get anywhere. He didn't, so he gave up the hopeless task.

Nicholas Ridley is a right-wing political lightweight, whose serious political career most people assumed was over under Ted Heath. Lord Gowrie has shown himself personally amiable and professionally competent, both as a junior minister in Northern Ireland and as Minister for the Arts. But he brings no independent political stature to the Cabinet. John Selwyn Gummer, who will attend Cabinet meetings as chairman of the party with the sinecure of Paymaster-General, remains as insubstantial a figure as the day he was press ganged into succeeding Cecil Parkinson, whom Mrs Thatcher clearly still dearly misses.

The most striking symbol, though, of Mrs Thatcher's failure to recruit and train a substantial team of close supporters since 1979 is her appointment of David Young to the Cabinet as Minister without Portfolio. The Prime Minister has the largest parliamentary party in recent memory from which to chose her ministerial team, but is forced thus to admit publicly that there is not one of them she trusts to give her trusted personal advice in Cabinet. Mr (soon to be Lord) Young is supposed to help her with the problem of unemployment. She already has a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Secretaries of State for Employment and for Trade and Industry, who variously are supposed to concern themselves with this subject — but no matter.

There is only one way in which unemployment will be reduced. The model, paradoxically, is the United States under the Reagan Administration, where more new jobs have been created in the last three years than at any time since the end of the Korean war. This is exactly what you would have predicted on the basis of putting the recent US budget deficit through a conventional Keynesian economic model. But that is not presumably the advice that Mrs Thatcher wants or will get from the ex-head of the Manpower Services Commission. □

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE

TRIDENT NUCLEAR WEAPONS SYSTEM

The Ministry of Defence has lodged a Notice of Proposed Development with Dumbarton District Council in relation to:-

Expansion of the Clyde Submarine Base at Faslane (Garelochhead) and Coulport (Loch Long) in Dumbarton District.

This matter has now been referred by the Ministry of Defence to the Scottish Development Department. Notwithstanding this, the District Council still wishes any views to be sent to the Council as undernoted.

The principal purpose of the proposed expansion is to accommodate the Trident Nuclear Weapons System.

Parliament has seen fit to exempt from normal planning law developments of this kind. Accordingly, the District Council has no power whatsoever over the proposed development. Nevertheless, the District Council would welcome written comments on the proposed expansion and these may be made to the Director of Planning and Development at the address below within fourteen days from the date of publication of this Notice.

A copy of the Notice and associated documents and plans may be inspected at the Council's Department of Planning and Development, 69 Glasgow Road, Dumbarton between the hours of 8.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. — Mondays to Thursdays and 8.30 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. on Fridays, and will also be available at the Council's libraries.

Dated this 5th day of September, 1984.

IAN LEITCH, Convener, Planning and Development Committee, Dumbarton District Council, 69 Glasgow Road, Dumbarton G82 1RE.

Advertisement

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DHSS DEMANDS RETHINK ON SUPPRESSED REPORT OF STAFF 'RACISM'

VILIFICATION of claimants by a minority of DHSS staff — behind the claimants' backs, but revealing gross racist attitudes — continues to be a matter the DHSS will do anything to avoid facing publicly. JOHN RENTOUL reports

AS NORMAN FOWLER, Secretary of State for Social Services, vanishes behind a mound of recommendations from all sides about what to do with his £37 billion a year system more details of a suppressed report on the work of local DHSS offices have been obtained by the *New Statesman*.

Five parts of the study, commissioned by the DHSS from the Policy Studies Institute (PSI), were published in July but Working Paper C, which was most embarrassing to the government, was not published.

The paper, a 12-month study of the day-to-day work of 10 local supplementary benefit offices, quotes many DHSS staff who regard claimants as grasping, devious and undeserving. After extracts were published in the *NS*, 27 July 1984, the DHSS launched an investigation into the source of the leak.

Meanwhile senior DHSS civil servants have been negotiating with PSI's Richard Berthoud, who headed the project, in an effort to get Working Paper C substantially rewritten or dropped. Berthoud insists that the final decision on publication will be taken by PSI, but says he hasn't yet decided the paper's fate.

Asked if he stands by the findings of the paper, which was written by a PSI researcher under his overall direction, he says: 'I haven't committed myself to myself yet, let alone to the DHSS. I've declared a cooling-off period.' He adds: 'You may know that it's accurate, but it's actually convincing the DHSS that's the problem.'

A spokesperson for the DHSS, however, says that ultimately the report is covered by Crown copyright. 'We're not happy with the report. We've sent it back to Berthoud at the PSI. We've no intention of publishing it in its present form.'

The spokesperson refused to say what the DHSS is unhappy about, but there's one explosive passage in Working Paper C which, it is understood, has particularly upset DHSS mandarins. It's a verbatim report of a long diatribe by one DHSS officer, head of a 'section' in a local office. It's worth quoting at some length.

'It's all very well people like Donnison [David Donnison, chair of the Supplementary Benefits Commission, abolished in 1980] *going on about the need to provide explanation to the frigging punters as part of the crap he calls the quality of service but what people like him don't realise is that it's one thing to talk about it, it's another to make it work at the local level. The bloody punters here are all aware of what they can get and how we operate, right down to the last penny. The buggers are all at it, after anything and everything, and it's all we can do to keep them from the door.*

'No wonder we're on the brink of collapse. The only problems we've got here as regards information is that a lot of the Pakis and Asians here can't speak much English. The staff can't get through to them; they probably know bugger all, but that's not my problem is it?'

Racist language

WHAT HAS most alarmed the DHSS is the quotation of racist and anti-semitic sentiments. Words like 'nigger', 'coon' and 'gyppoe' may be used in benefit offices, but the DHSS doesn't want to admit it in print. One visiting officer is quoted thus:

'With a name like that he's probably a jewboy; there are loads round here. I'll want a bit of convincing before this one gets a grant; they've usually got more cash than you and me together.'

It's clear from the report, however, that such prejudices aren't held by the majority of DHSS staff, who do the best they can in difficult circumstances. But the report identifies the antagonism towards claimants of some staff as a serious problem. This attitude is bluntly summed up by another officer:

'Of course the punters think this place is a charity shop. They come in here asking for things as if they're entitled to them, as if they've a right to them.' (The purpose of the PSI project was to study the 1980 change in benefit rules, when payments for special 'one-off' needs ceased to be at the discretion of officials and became a *legal right*.)

Working Paper C presents two major problems for the government, which explain why it's been suppressed.

- It's a powerful argument against the government's desire to *cut* social security spending, currently the subject of a series of reviews, dubbed the 'New Beveridge'. The paper highlights the need for *more* and better trained staff, to counter the collapse in morale in benefit offices which has led to such alienation between the two sides of the counter.
- It's an indictment of the unworkable entitlement system devised by senior civil servants in DHSS headquarters in Alexander Fleming House, London, which is so complex most benefit officers don't understand it, let alone claimants. This complexity allows free rein to value judgments by overworked DHSS staff. It's the senior civil servants and their political masters whose lives would be made most uncomfortable by the publication of Working Paper C. ●

East End: Asian anger rises

RACIST ASSAULTS on Asians in the London boroughs are rousing such feeling that over 200 people are expected to picket West Ham magistrates court this Friday (14 September) when seven Asian youths from Newham face charges ranging from conspiracy to affray.

Already they are dubbed the 'Newham 7', echoing the 'Newham 8' — Asian youths who two years ago, when acting as vigilantes against racist attacks outside a local school, mistook plainclothes policemen for racist attackers.

The new charges arise from an incident this April involving Asian and white youths outside the Duke of Edinburgh pub in Newham. Mistrust of police capacity or willingness to protect the Asian community runs very deep. 'We feel the community must be allowed to defend itself', says Jasbir Singh of Newham 7 Campaign, 'if the police don't help'.

A public enquiry into the 'Newham 8' incidents is to be sponsored by Newham borough. Meanwhile there has been fire bombing of a Newham mosque.

Arlen Harris

Contras seize Nicaraguan candidate

ACCORDING to a report in last Saturday's government-run La Barricada *newspaper a candidate for Nicaragua's 4 November general election has for the first time figured in the series of kidnappings by the Honduras-based, CIA-backed, contras, or counter-revolutionary forces (see* New Statesman *31 August 1984).*

He's Ray Hooker, an FSLN candidate for the 90-strong national assembly, who was standing for 'Special Zone 2', an area around Bluefields — now 'twinned' with London's Lambeth — in the part English-speaking eastern border of the country. He is (or was) professor of history at Managua University.

It's thought that he was abducted together with three others by an 80-strong contra group when travelling by boat in a remote part of the Rio Grande zone of South Kelaya, near the Atlantic coast. No bodies have been found.

The clandestine contra radio station 15 de Septiembre has spoken of the rebels' intention of sabotaging the elections, calling them 'a farce of the Sandanistas to establish communism in Nicaragua'. Two senior election officers have already been killed and one seriously wounded in attacks on hamlets in north and central Nicaragua.

Stewart Lansley

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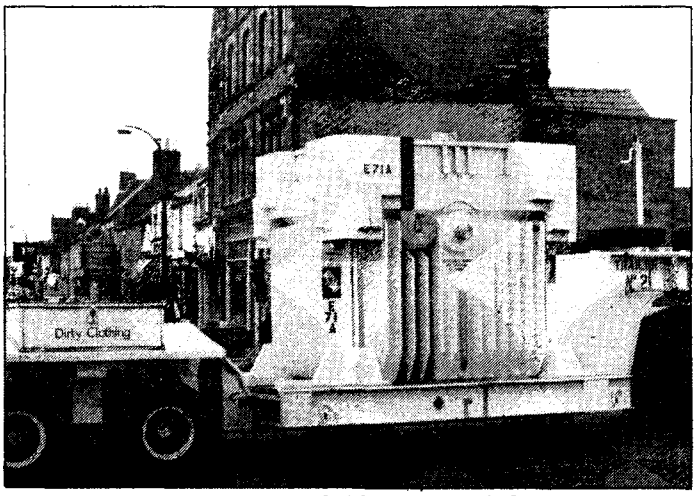
NUCLEAR FLASK FEARS FOR TORNESS ENQUIRY

SELLAFIELD is cropping up in another embattled context (*see article by Ruth Balogh this issue page 8*) **as lines are drawn up in Scotland for a major public enquiry into plans to transport nuclear waste from the proposed new nuclear power station at Torness in East Lothian to the Cumbrian reprocessing plant.**

The South of Scotland Electricity Board (SSEB) applied to Labour-controlled East Lothian district council in December 1983 for permission to build a new railhead facility for this purpose at Skateraw, on the main east coast line a few miles from Torness.



Martin Bond

Crux of the matter — an AGR spent fuel flask. This one in Somerset...

Details were revealed to the press before they were submitted to the planning department, and the annoyed council asked the SSEB to resubmit in more detail. The application was then rejected on public health and safety grounds. The SSEB appealed to Scottish Secretary George Younger, and he called the public enquiry due to open in Dunbar this 23 October.

The timetable is very tight: anti-nuclear groups coordinated by the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace (SCRAM) are frantically gathering witnesses and preparing evidence, and last week the council asked for a postponement of the enquiry to allow time to prepare a proper case. It was also suggested that the issue be postponed for a year pending results of the Sizewell B public enquiry.

The. SSEB intends two spent-nuclear-fuel flask movements a week from Torness to Sellafield via either Newcastle or Carlisle. But there's acute concern over risks of radio-activity leaks from such flasks, due to accident or even sabotage. And there's disturbing evidence of a risk of surface contamination of flasks even in non-exceptional circumstances (*see NS 20 July 1984*).

Objectors aren't feeling any more reassured following British Rail's recent history of serious crashes in Scotland and the Channel wreck of the French freighter *Mont Louis*, with its cargo of 30 'mildly' radioactive containers, still posing a salvage problem.

What's more, the fuel flasks intended for use in the advanced gas-cooled reactors (AGRs) under construction at Torness are significantly different from those used for the earlier magnox stations. Instead of being made from 14 inches of steel, they consist of three and a half inches of steel and seven of lead, and might react differently under accident conditions.

The spectacular crash organised by the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) this July, intended to demonstrate flask safety, involved a train running full speed into a magnox fuel flask, not the new ones — though the latter have undergone the usual programme of computer evaluations and quarter-scale tests.

The new enquiry is to be the fourth into Torness-associated developments. The first, in 1974, was into the building of the station in the first place; the second and third, in 1982 and 1984, concerned power line routes.

Rob Edwards

Freedom revels

FIGHTING to preserve the cash-flow which will let it play its full part in the civil liberties arena (NS *7 September 1984) the National Council for Civil Liberties is holding a major benefit at the Aldwych theatre in London this 7 October. John Hurt, Terry Jones, Miriam Karlin, Miriam Margolyes, Michael Palin, Julie Walters, Susanna York. . .and more. . .and more! Tickets are to be had from usual outlets, the Aldwych, or the NCCL (21 Tabard St London SE1). The show's called '1984 Rights & Revels'. It should be, as they say, a liberating experience.*

MISCELLANY

Open house

Andrew 'Two Chauffeurs' Neil's sycophantic treatment of his old boss, energy minister Peter Walker, was balanced this week by a big article on the leader page by Arthur Scargill. Therein, as they say, lies a tale. Hardly a week goes by without some admiring reference to Walker, who was environment minister when Neil worked on the environment desk at the Conservative Party's Research Department in 1971-72 (a relationship so close that even the *Sunday Times*, announcing his appointment as editor, described 'Two Chauffeurs' as Walker's 'political adviser'). The print run of the previous *Sunday Walker* had been delayed for four hours while machine minders met to discuss their attitude to two articles, one by Walker and one by electricians' leader Frank Chapple, attacking the NUM on the leader page. Neil asserts that the trouble only started when print union chief Bill Keys, in Brighton, got to hear of it, and he issued an aggressive statement saying: 'The editor refused to consider amendments, deletions or changes of any kind.' The statement omitted to mention that the machine minders had secured agreement in writing to publish an article by Scargill the following week. Neil now says that this was only confirming an 'open invitation' of nearly two months' standing.

Dog show

Pickets at Scotland's biggest pit, Bilston Glen near Edinburgh, have found some light relief in the antics of security guards called in to patrol the colliery. The guards, who can be seen behind £30,000-worth of barbed wire, work for a firm called Burns, based on the west side of Glasgow, so they have to travel 100 miles a day to get to their 12-hour shifts. In return for this loyalty they appear to be treated worse than animals. One striker said: 'We understand the men are paid £1.70 an hour, but it costs the coal board more than £3 an hour to hire the dogs they use.' Despite their high wages the ungrateful hounds don't treat their human colleagues too kindly. Pickets have seen two guards bitten by the animals. Said the striker: 'It doesn't look as if these dogs have had any training at all.'

Heirs loom

It's always good to see self-made men and women climbing the ladder of success in life — particularly in the media. So congratulations to Guy Michelmore and Sally Magnusson on beating the competition to get the top jobs as the two presenters of BBC1's last remaining apology for a daily current affairs programme, the new London Plus. *They must have had their work cut out living down the fact that their fathers are Cliff and Magnus respectively.*

Unity breaks out again

There's life in the dream ticket yet. Forty-five constituency parties among the list of organisations nominating Roy Hattersley to continue as Labour's deputy leader. Nothing much to raise an eyebrow perhaps, as the position is uncontested this year. But eight of the 45 voted for Michael Meacher against Hattersley last year, and their voluntary decision this time round to demonstrate their loyalty to the Brummie bruiser and Man of Letters is surely worth noting. The CLPs are: Holborn & St Pancras, Livingston, Oldham Central & Royton, Selby, Slough, Stalybridge & Hyde, Surrey East, and Warrington South.

Poor reflection

When the Daily Mirror *launched its 'Who Dares Wins' million-pound bingo it interviewed all sorts of 'ordinary people' and quoted them saying wonderful things about the game. A telephonist, Mrs Betty Morsman, 60, of Streatham, South London, was quoted as saying: 'Good God, what a wonderful prize. I will certainly be playing* Mirror *bingo.' The trouble is that Mrs Morsman said no such thing. She told her interviewer that she thought £1 million was far too much and that it ought to be divided up between several people. We know because she's the* New Statesman *telephonist.*

Guelph pelf

More support from unlikely quarters for the miners; in this case our own small band of 40 strikers in Leicestershire (the other 2,500 Leicestershire miners are at work), who appealed for support through *NS* letters page last month. We have passed on a cheque for $50 from Guelph in Canada, another for £50 from someone at the University of Wollongong in Australia, and now we have forwarded a cheque for £400, drawn on a bank in Pall Mall, from 'W. H. Ferry, Scarsdale, New York'. Whoever or whatever W. H. Ferry is, the Leicestershire striking miners and their families are very grateful for your generosity. Wherever readers are, you can still send your cheques, payable to Leicestershire Striking Miners Fund, to *NS* Editorial for forwarding.

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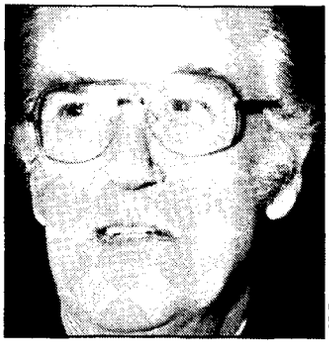
FORD WOMEN BATTLE ON FOR EQUAL PAY RATES

THE 17-YEAR FIGHT for equal pay by Ford Motor Company sewing machinists will go to the Employment Appeal Court this winter. Two machinists from Dagenham and one from Halewood will be trying to overturn an April 1984 industrial tribunal verdict that the American-owned company's job evaluation schemes do *not* discriminate against them.

Some 300 women work as sewing machinists at Ford's two plants. They were the first, 17 years ago, to strike for equal pay, in the end getting 85 per cent of the earnings of male employees who cut the cloth they sew. The three women who are currently taking the machinists' case before the courts are claiming that though there are no male sewing machinists the work is as skilled as that done by the male cloth cutters. There should, they say, be parity.

Further strikes and overtime bans have failed to move Ford, who in the opinion of the women are ducking the claim in order to avoid problems with men on the production line who are in the same semi-skilled grade as the women.

The new round of the long fight was prompted by the January 1984 amendment to the Equal Pay Act which, after pressure from a European Court of Human Rights judgment, removed the stipulation that a woman can only claim equal pay if she can find a man doing the same or highly similar work, and allowed equal pay claims when a woman is probably doing a job as demanding or skilled as that of a man, even when the job is not the same.



UPP

Yet to be sewn up — Sam Toy, Ford's chairman

This April an industrial tribunal (comprising a legally qualified chair and two lay members) found that the three women from Ford had *not* satisfactorily demonstrated that Ford's job evaluation schemes discriminate against the women's work vis-a-vis the male employees' at the two plant.

However, legal opinion taken by their union, the Transport & General Workers, suggests that the tribunal may have misinterpreted the Equal Pay law, and that it was for the company to prove that its job-evaluation schemes don't discriminate against the women. Indeed the trades union nominee on the tribunal took the unusual step of setting down in writing why he thought it had reached the wrong conclusion.

Geraldine Hackett

Pickets clip wings of US F1-11s

A POSSIBILITY that the American Air Force might take direct action to retrieve a group of its fighter-bombers currently immobilised in the strike-and-lock-out-bound British Aerospace factory in Bristol is seriously concerning some of the union officials involved.

A spokesperson for British Aerospace itself admitted last week that the USAF is 'looking into the possibility of sending in its own men to get the planes airborne'.

Twelve F 1-11 USAF planes are inside the factory, seven from USAF Upper Heyford and five from Lakenheath, out of a total of some 150 of the nuclear-capability bombers based throughout Britain. A lock-out of the servicing area has put a halt to all maintenance work and left the Americans in a quandary.

John Blackley, AUEW district secretary at Bristol, confirmed this week that a clause in the 1978 contract between British Aerospace and the USAF states that industrial disputes aren't to be allowed to disrupt the maintenance work on such planes.

And that it adds that 'in the event of any impediment to the delivery time of the aircraft, the Americans would retain the right to bring in their own personnel to complete the work or remove the aircraft'.

American unions involved in servicing at the Upper Heyford base have said, however, that they'll refuse to touch any aircraft retrieved in such circumstances. This could force the USAF, if it got the planes out of the maintenance hangers, to fly them back to the US Air Force Logistics Branch at Sacramento, California.

The dispute at British Aerospace, over questions of pay parity, started seven weeks ago when 2000 manual workers occupied the aircraft assembly hall, where the F 1-11s are being serviced. After management threats of legal action the occupation ended, and the union is now picketing the entire factory perimeter.

A spokesperson at the USAF headquarters at Mildenhall said this week: 'the USAF will not take any action until it has been approved by the British government'.

David Leppard

MINERS PICKETS ROLL CALL (2)

Total of arrests to date*: 6,593

*From 14 March to 11 September 1984. Exclusive of arrests of supporters on street collections etc.

MASS ARRESTS

As the working miners holiday period ended on 13 August and with encouragement of the 'back to work' movement by NCB, government and sections of media, the number of arrests again began to mount.
13 August. Bilston Glen, *Scotland*. 21 arrests.
14 August. Scunthorpe. 17 Yorkshire miners arrested as they tried to enter the town to picket the steelworks. Humberside police had sealed off a 4-mile stretch of the A18.
16 August. Markham, Derbys. 18 arrests during mass picketing by 1,000.
24 August. Easington, Durham. 4 arrests as 1,000 police in riot gear confront stone throwing pickets after smuggling a lone working miner through the back door.
28 August. Easington. 10 arrests.
29 August. New Cumnock, Ayrshire. 87 arrests outside home of working miner under 1875 Act which makes it an offence to 'beset a house'. **Bold, Lancs.** 6 arrests.
30 August. Newport, South Wales. 39 arrested and charged with public order offences after 3-hour occupation of transporter bridge by South Wales miners to block coal supplies to British Steel plant at Llanwern. **Easington.** 27 arrests.
1 September. Port Talbot. 101 South Wales miners arrested after occupying 120 ft high crane at steel works jetty for 43 hours and charged with criminal damage and trespass. Bail conditions prevent them picketing during the miners' strike or entering BSC or Docks Board property. During the occupation police had let down the miners' car tyres to prevent a getaway and also stopped media from entering the area.
3 September. Tilmanstone, Kent. 36 arrests. NUM branch secretary claimed that police stopped residents of the nearby village of Elvington from leaving their homes after 8.30pm. **Lancs.** 31 arrests at privately-owned Quaker House mine.
4 September. Tilmanstone. 20 arrests. **Chesterfield.** 15 strikers travelling in a van arrested by police squad investigating intimidation of working miners.
7 September. Kent. 19 arrests at picket lines and outside homes of working miners.

IN THE COURTS

20 August. Stoke-on-Trent. 6 strikers accused of arson to coaches, remanded in custody. **Derby** miner who admitted cutting through a cable at Markham colliery jailed for 9 months.
3 September. 10 London stipendiary magistrates begin work in Chesterfield and Rotherham courts to help clear backlog of 5,000 cases still to be heard.
A test case on the courts' use of bail conditions to stop arrested miners from further picketing is due to be heard before Lord Chief Justice Lane on 8-9 October.

'CONSPIRACIES'

22 August. *Police in* **Yorkshire** *report 'military style' gangs dressed in* army fatigues at **Markham Main** and **Bentley** collieries smashing NCB property and TV cameras. NCB claim that one group was led by a 'thin faced woman'. This group of outsiders — like the outside agitators reported by police during the Brixton riots of 1981 — not seen again.
25 August. Following remarks by Ian MacGregor that Arthur Scargill has orchestrated criminal acts, South Yorkshire police announce they have started investigations into whether NUM leaders have criminally conspired to intimidate working miners (138 charges of intimidation had so far been brought by this date).

SUPPORTERS ARRESTED

18 August, Kilburn. 6 arrested and charged with obstruction while distributing NUM material and collecting funds. **19 August.** 4 South Londoners arrested on their return from a solidarity trip to Kent miners. 3 had intervened when the fourth — a black TGWU member — was stopped and searched and allegedly beaten by police near London Bridge. One of those who intervened charged with obstruction. **30 August, Watford.** 2 money collectors arrested and held in cells for several hours even though one had a permit to collect. Both charged with illegally collecting. **1 September, Hammersmith.** Labour MP Clive Soley arresting while selling copies of *The Miner*, after weekly harassment of paper sellers by the police. Meanwhile in **Lambeth,** police commander Marnoch agrees with the trades council that police will no longer arrest money collectors standing on council property, that collectors on other sites will not have their money confiscated, and that selling *The Miner* will be allowed.

Please send any information on police and court treatment of striking miners, their families, and supporters to **Miners Pickets Roll Call,** at the **New Statesman.**

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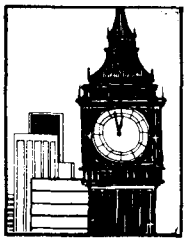

PETER KELLNER

The Liberals try to recapture the Alliance dream machine

ONCE UPON A TIME David Steel had a dream. Come a general election the Liberal Party would win enough seats to prevent either Labour or the Conservatives winning an outright victory. Both would woo the Liberals in order to construct a Commons majority. The Liberals would make a great fuss about economic and industrial issues, about pollution and decentralisation and tax reform, but in reality — or, to be more precise, the 'reality' of their fantasy — they had only one demand that mattered: proportional representation.

Having achieved their deal, the Liberals would win many more seats at the following election and permanently hold the balance of power. Public sentiment may shift to right or left, but never enough to give the Labour or Tory parties the chance ever again to rule alone. David Steel of the boyish grin, personable manner and impeccable libertarian credentials, would be in power forever.

As the Liberals are now discovering, real life is usually more complex and less pleasant than dreams. Next week, when they assemble at Bournemouth, the aroma from this week's SDP conference will be fresh, though not particularly sweet, in their nostrils. Their public position remains that their ambition, now in alliance with SDP, is to break through at the next election with sufficient MPs to achieve PR. Indeed, now that David Owen has abandoned the pretence that the Alliance is offering a government (and a prime minister) in waiting, the aim of the two parties seems clearer than at any time since the SDP was formed.

In fact the Liberals face a crisis — or rather two crises that are closely interwoven. One is a crisis of identity; the other is a crisis of ambition. Both are the product of their association with the Social Democrats.

In formal terms, the crisis of identity reduces to the simple question: to merge or not to merge with the SDP? Perhaps it's a little harsh to call this a crisis of identity for the Liberals; everyone who matters and quite a few who don't have been sending smoke signals as vigorously as an erupting volcano saying the two parties should stop living in sin and marry for keeps. It is inside the SDP that the argument rages.

But the crisis of identity does bite deep inside the Liberals, despite their apparent unity of purpose. Their problem is that they know what they *want* to happen, but don't know what *will* happen. Paddy Ashdown, Liberal MP for Yeovil (and a man who, if you have a few bob to spare and can get good odds, is worth backing as the party's next leader), complains in the current issue of the Alliance magazine *New Democrat* that 'the public (and many of our own members?) are simply bewildered about where we are going and what we are trying to be' (his parentheses).

The party's Campaigns, Organisation and Elections Committee (COEC) reached a similar conclusion in a confidential strategy paper two months ago. Its main findings have already been disclosed in the *NS* (10 August), but it is worth repeating its central conclusion about the Liberals' relationship with the SDP. The option 'to carry on as we are . . . is not practical. The strain of a negotiated relationship of so-called equals is a debilitating distraction, both locally and nationally, to effective campaigning.'

Dr Owen evidently disagrees. And the trouble is, as so often in politics, that disagreement tends to perpetuate the status quo. There are only two ways to achieve change — by argument or by coercion. For the moment Dr Owen will not agree, and Mr Steel cannot coerce; so the stalemate that the Liberals fear is doomed to continue.

But wait: *why* cannot Mr Steel coerce the doctor? By every objective index of political activity the Liberals are the larger party. They have more MPs, many more councillors, far more members and more money. In logic the Liberals, not the SDP, should be setting the pace for the future of the Alliance. But if the Liberals pushed too hard, then the Alliance might crumble; and if the two parties started competing routinely against each other in elections, both would suffer. That is precisely what happened in this year's council elections in Inverclyde, with the result that the Liberals lost control.

SO DAVID STEEL has lost his capacity to determine the future identity of the Liberal Party — or can dictate it only at terrible peril to its electoral prospects. But the problem is even more serious than that. For uncertainty of identity leads to uncertainty of ambition: what exactly are the Liberals, with or without the SDP, trying to achieve?

Go back to the dream of David Steel's, formed most clearly in his own mind at the time of the Lib-Lab pact when James Callaghan was prime minister. In order to achieve a balance of power under our present electoral system, it is not necessary merely for the third political grouping to perform tolerably well; it is necessary for the two main parties to win almost equal numbers of seats.

This is how it looks on the back of my envelope; if both Mr Steel and I have done our sums right, they should look the same on the back of his. The House of Commons contains 649 MPs plus the Speaker; to deprive any one party of winning an overall majority, the Alliance must ensure, or hope, that no one party wins 325 seats.

Now let us assume that the Alliance has 40 MPs after the next election; I reckon they would do well to reach 30, but let's be generous. Let us also assume that there continue to be 21 others — Ulster MPs and Scottish and Welsh Nationalists. So, out of 649 MPs, 61 are not Labour or Tory. That leaves 588 who are. And if one of them is to have no more than 324 MPs, simple arithmetic shows that the other needs at least 264. The moral is clear: for the balance of power strategy to work at the next election, *it is necessary for the Alliance that Labour gains at least 55 seats.*

Even that understates the point. Suppose the Conservatives had 320 seats and Labour 268. It would be possible to deliver a majority Conservative-Alliance government with a total of 360 MPs, but not a Labour-Alliance government, because the total number of Labour, Liberal and SDP MPs — 308 — would fall short of the 325 needed for an overall majority. The Alliance could only bargain with both parties if it could choose to give either a Labour or a Conservative-led administration a Commons majority. And that means that both main parties must have at least 285 seats to add to the Alliance's 40.

In that case, Labour must gain a minimum of 76 (and a maximum of 94) seats to suit the Alliance's purposes. Such a recovery may seem feasible, even essential, to those of us who look forward to Labour's restoration to full electoral health. But for either of the two Davids to proclaim the need for Labour to achieve one of the greatest electoral recoveries since 1945 is quite another matter.

Indeed, there is every sign that the Liberals are now locked into the posture forced on them by the SDP of regarding the Labour Party as a spent force to be swept aside. In the words of the COEC paper,

> The Tories remain our opposition and Labour our competition . . . We must cut off the pretensions of the new Labour leadership at the roots, leaving them a narrow and dwindling geographical class base . . . We must elbow Labour out of our way in our keenness to take on the Conservative government.

That is a perfectly respectable ambition for the Alliance. But its inevitable price is a further decade or more of majority Conservative rule, while the non-Tory parties elbow each other to pieces. It is a price I have little doubt Dr Owen is prepared to pay. But is it now what Mr Steel wants — or does he still hanker for a Labour recovery in order to fulfil his balance of power dream? To coin a phrase, I think we should be told. □

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Martin Bond

FITTING IN WITH THE LOCALS

Sellafield nuclear power station dominates not only the beautiful Cumbrian countryside, it also dominates local politics, employment and health care. Ruth Balogh reports

PERHAPS THE most telling words of advice given by Sir Douglas Black on the publication of the Black Report last month were that he would only consider living in the vicinity of the Sellafield (Windscale) nuclear plant if there were 'no possibility of a job elsewhere'.

For Sir Douglas there *is* a choice, but for the people of West Cumbria, he struck at the heart of a problem they have lived with for 30 years — the dominance of British Nuclear Fuels (BNFL) and its forerunner, the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority (UKAEA), over the local community.

The possibilities of a job elsewhere for the West Cumbrian workforce are slim indeed, with British Steel at Workington closed and the last pit in Cumbria, Haig Colliery, due for closure by the end of the year. In the Borough of Copeland, where the plant is situated, there is 11.7 per cent unemployment. Some 8,000 members of a 29,000 workforce are employed by BNFL, with a further 3,000 currently employed in constructing the Thermal Oxide Reprocessing Plant (THORP). In addition to this, Copeland planners estimate that 4-5,000 service industry jobs also depend on BNFL. With at least half the workforce dependent on the nuclear industry, BNFL's dominance in West Cumbria is unchallenged.

BNFL workers are equally dominant in the public life of the community — mainly through the Labour Party. What is surprising is the frequent lack of awareness among borough and county councillors who work for BNFL about the possible conflicts of interest that might arise. On many occasions, dependent as West Cumbria is upon BNFL as a major employer, the interests of the company and the interests of the county or borough have been identified as one.

Such is the confidence that BNFL has always enjoyed among opinion-makers in West Cumbria that it managed to pull off what must rank as one of the most arrogant pro-nuclear publicity stunts on record — in 1982 BNFL was admitted to membership of the Cumbria Tourist Board. Nestling at the edge of the country's foremost National Park amid spectacular scenery, according to the Tourist Board information, is a unique nuclear attraction for visitors. The chair of the Tourist Board was, and still is, Labour councillor Tony Hildrop, employed at Sellafield on the Advanced Gas-cooled Reactor. Again, not a word of condemnation has been uttered by the Tourist Board over the November contamination incident and the consequent collapse of the coastal tourist trade, except in the direction of environmental groups who have attempted to warn visitors of the hazard by signposting the shore. BNFL's continued membership of the Tourist Board remains unchallenged.

BNFL's PR work has failed to tempt people back to the beaches

One BNFL employee whose position as a Labour Party member on Cumbria County Council is questioned by local people is Sellafield's senior information officer, Les Tuley. As chair of Cumbria Education Committee he is often asked to clarify which 'hat' he is wearing. Councillor Tuley was one of the first people to respond to the screening of 'Windscale — the Nuclear Laundry' with an accusation against Yorkshire Television. Following the programme, two teachers withdrew applications for a job in Egremont,

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and Tuley claimed that Yorkshire Television was 'driving teachers away from the area'. Within days of the accusation, BNFL admitted having contaminated miles of coastline, but nobody except local environmental groups has accused Sellafield of driving people away from the area.

THE PRACTICE of placing BNFL workers in council positions where their familiarity with nuclear matters can be utilised is not confined to Cumbria County Council. Copeland Borough Council, which currently has one quarter of its councillors working at Sellafield, follows suit. Peter Bennett, for instance, is a Labour member chairing the Policy&Resources Committee and the Technical and Planning Committee. It is his job to steer the plans for the Thermal Oxide Reprocessing Plant (THORP), the subject of the 1976 Windscale Inquiry, through the council. He is also vice-chair of the Environmental Health sub-committee of the Sellafield Local Liaison Committee, the 'watchdog' which is so large and so top-heavy with BNFL representation (the secretariat is also managed by BNFL) that local people have generally experienced something of a struggle to gain much representation for liaison purposes.

Bennett also chairs the Ravenglass Nature Reserve management committee which manages what used to be one of the largest gulleries in Europe. Situated on what is now Europe's most radioactive coastline, the gull population has declined by 90 per cent over the last 20 years — from a population of 15,000 to 1,200 today.

The dubious marriage between the Labour Party and BNFL extends to Copeland's MP John Cunningham, who is sponsored by Sellafield's largest trade union, the GMWU. He regards the encouragement of local firms to trade with BNFL as the only way out of the current depression.

West Cumbria District Health Authority also operates within the sphere of BNFL dominance — BNFL prides itself on its ability to supply local doctors with technical and radiological services through its Health Physics department. Geoffrey Schofield, the Sellafield Chief Medical Officer, also sits on the West Cumbria District Health Authority. When a branch of the Medical Campaign Against Nuclear Weapons was formed at the West Cumberland Hospital, the premises were available 'only on condition nothing is said against Sellafield'. Indeed, local doctors are acutely conscious of their indebtedness to Sellafield, and Dr Barry Walker from Seascale — possibly the only local GP to have been born and raised in the area — has little support for his criticism of the plant.

BNFL also has a long history of charitable donations to hospitals and community projects through staff lotteries and medical funds. By 1983, West Cumbria alone had benefited to the tune of £375,000 from Sellafield employees. It is often simpler for hospital managers to apply to the Sellafield Snowball Fund for expensive items of equipment than to budget them through a hospital finance system struggling under the NHS cuts. Prominent on the list of beneficiaries from BNFL are cancer-related charities, hospices and obstetric departments. The medical fund at BNFL headquarters at Risley near Warrington recently donated haematology equipment for the treatment of childhood leukaemia to Liverpool University.

Nestling at the edge of the country's foremost National Park amid spectacular scenery . . . is a unique nuclear attraction for visitors

When asked to comment on recent British support for 'zero discharges' — the ending of pumping nuclear waste into the sea — at the Paris Commission in Oslo, Harold Bolter, BNFL Company Secretary, said that his own preference would be for the £200 million to be spent on improving hospital services and facilities. In West Cumbria there is barely a charity which has not benefited from the Sellafield Snowball Fund; the organisation is known as one which rarely refuses an appeal.

In 1979, following the Windscale Inquiry which had revealed a widespread local opposition to the activities of BNFL, an agreement was reached with Copeland Borough Council to improve relationships with the community through the financing by BNFL of three projects. The main one involved substantial building restoration work in Whitehaven town centre to provide accommodation for BNFL workers in 60 units to the value of £3 million — £600,000 of which came from government house improvement and historic building grants. A further £2 million was set aside for the building of a bypass round Beckermet to the Sellafield site, and £83,000 was put towards the financing of children's recreation. The town of Whitehaven now sports a construction notice proclaiming 'Whitehaven Town Centre — rebuilt by BNFL'.

WITH UNEMPLOYMENT in Copeland running at 11.7 per cent and expected to rise substantially when Haig Pit closes, families will be looking to the beautiful surrounding countryside for their leisure activities. However, it now seems that in spite of the recent official lifting of the 'restrictions on the use of the beaches', West Cumbrians are voting with their feet — away from the beaches. Ursula O'Sullivan, married to a worker at Sellafield, said 'no one with children is using the beaches any more, and I can't see a time when people will feel it's safe to return'. The full impact of November's beach contamination incident took some time to register in the West Cumbrian community, which is used to hearing about leaks from Windscale. They are also accustomed to having to wait for the facts to emerge, as BNFL has a history of delays in informing the community about contamination incidents.

Recent events have shown that the official environmental monitoring programme is not only very patchy, but inaccessible. BNFL's environment monitoring results are only published as an annual average, which is not much use to a family wondering about the safety of a particular patch of shore. The Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (MAFF) is mainly responsible for independent environmental monitoring. But its reports are badly out of date — the latest, published in 1983, describes the situation in 1981. They look at received doses of radiation among a 'critically exposed' group of people — fish-consuming fisherman living on board their boats at Ravenglass. But this 'critical group', it is now observed by Black and his colleagues, may not be so vulnerable to the effects of radiation as young children or pregnant women.

A final, and perhaps more disturbing, reason why the West Cumbrians are unlikely to trickle back to the beaches concerns the current authorisation for BNFL to pump restricted amounts and types of radioactive waste into the Irish Sea. This is because radioactive isotopes can change their levels of activity during the process of decay.

Thus, plutonium 241, which is not covered by the authorisation and can therefore be discharged in any quantity, will decay in the space of 14 years to the highly toxic americium 241, which *is* controlled by the authorisation. To date, BNFL has discharged 550,000 curies of plutonium 241 into the Irish Sea, which will soon be returning to the coastline in the form of americium 241.

A thorough review of the authorisation, as Black recommends, is clearly an urgent priority. BNFL has said it hopes to stop discharges within ten years, when it expects THORP will be commissioned, which would mean avoiding adding new technology to existing plant. Greenpeace say that 1986 is their deadline. People in West Cumbria want the extra jobs the new technology would provide in construction, and are beginning to question how best BNFL could serve the community — through charitable donations, or through a halt to the contamination of their coastline. □

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DOUBLE PUNISHMENT

Wandsworth prison has long had a reputation as a 'hard nick'. In the New Statesman *of 10 February this year we reported on a series of brutal assaults on prisoners alleged to have taken place in E1 and H1 segregation units in January. A police investigation into these incidents is under way. Meanwhile serious allegations continue to emerge from the prison, which suggest that the January incidents were not isolated affairs, but part of a pattern of physical assualt, forcible drugging, punitive use of the body belt and solitary confinement.* ***Terry O'Halloran*** *has compiled a dossier detailing alleged assaults on 21 prisoners on 16 occasions between 10 January and 26 July*

HER MAJESTY'S PRISON Wandsworth is widely regarded, by prisoners and officers, as the 'hardest nick' in England and Wales. Detective Inspector Kennedy is currently heading a Scotland Yard investigation into allegations of a series of brutal assaults in January 1984. Meanwhile, inquiries among prisoners, relatives, lawyers, prisoners' rights campaigners and others have produced dates and names for a continuing series of assaults on 21 prisoners. Five cases are detailed here.

This is by no means a comprehensive list, but the pattern of allegations from a wide variety of sources indicates that what is happening in Wandsworth is widespread. Thirteen prison officers, including at least one principal officer and one senior officer, have been named as involved in these incidents.

The general picture which emerges from the allegations is of frequent physical assaults; punitive use of the body belt; frequent use of 'strong box' cells (also known as 'strip' or 'special' cells, with fewer facilities than ordinary cells); confinement without clothes; frequent disciplinary charges for petty offences — such as having hands in pockets; forcible injections with unknown drugs; high general level of drugging; frequent instances of racist abuse against black prisoners — at least seven of the prisoners named are known to be black and a further as yet unidentified black prisoner was allegedly assaulted on 4 July.

Serious allegations about the regime at Wandsworth are not new. Back in January prisoner Jimmy Anderson claimed that Wandsworth prison officers had threatened him saying that he would not leave Wandsworth alive unless he dropped legal proceedings against Wormwood Scrubs prison officers. Anderson applied to the High Court to take legal action against the officers involved. Lord Justice Tasker Watkins ruled against Anderson on the grounds that adequate protection against abuse was available within the prison system. The events since January underline the reality that internal prison procedures provide no such protection.

There are presently a number of prisoners undertaking legal action over incidents from previous years. Lennie Turner, for example, alleges that he was not only assaulted there last

Prisoners assaulted

10 January-26 July 1984

Adams, Patrick John
James, Keith
Dignan, Charlie
Mehmet, Rifat
Forrester, James
Moffat, Alan
Reid
Grimes, Daniel
Ryan, J.
Lewis, Ricky
Lewis, Jimmy
Okay, Lee
Cumberbatch, Clive
McCaig, Jimmy
Noor, Cirus
Cumberland, John
Seabourne, John
Parnell, Garfield
McGhee, Charlie
Reed, Clinton
David, Stephen

Drugging league table

Male prisons of population over 1000

Prison	*Average population*	*No of doses**	*Doses per head***
Wandsworth	1,376	165,903	121
Wormwood Scrubs	1,081	118,113	109
Manchester	1,478	115,723	78
Birmingham	1,039	66,909	64
Leeds	1,144	62,453	55
Pentonville	1,115	56,038	50
Liverpool	1,409	57,976	41

** Figure based on doses of psychotropic, hypnotic and other drugs acting on the central nervous system*
*** Total number of doses divided by average population*

Based on 1982 statistics in Report on the work of the Prison Department 1982

5 prisoners: their stories

Patrick Adams arrived in Wandsworth on 30 April to start a three-year sentence for firearms charges. On 3 May he was brought before the Governor, Mr Guinan, on charges of refusing to obey an order and abusive language. He refused to plead because of the intimidatory behaviour of prison officers. Four stood in front of him and seven directly behind. He was found guilty. He was, he says, then taken to a punishment cell and 'punched and kicked by five warders'. He called them 'fascist bastards'. Next day he found himself before the Governor again on charges of refusing to obey an order and abusive language. He refused to see the Governor, asking to see the police instead. He was found guilty again. Within four days of arriving at Wandsworth prison Adams had received one beating, 13 days loss of remission, 14 days loss of privileges, seven days loss of earnings and three days solitary confinement. After nine weeks in Wandsworth Adams had lost 44 days remission.

Rifat Mehmet, a black prisoner, was one of the prisoners allegedly assaulted on 12 January. In a petition to Lord Avebury, Mehmet describes that assault. He was punched and kicked after informing a prison officer that he had seen other prison officers assaulting a prisoner. He was due to have a visit the day after this beating. He says that a prison officer prevented him from having the visit, saying 'We can't let his visitors see him like this'. Mehmet says he was again attacked on the way back from the abortive visit. He says that he was kicked in the head and had his arms stamped on while lying face down in the strong box cell. He was also put in a body belt. That evening, back in his own cell and out of the body belt, he says that a prison officer told him that he had been granted leave to appeal and was getting bail immediately. Mehmet packed his kit and said goodbye to other inmates. Then five officers came laughing to his cell — it was a cruel and perverse 'joke'. According to other prisoners Mehmet was also assaulted on 23 March.

Keith James, a black prisoner, has, according to a number of sources, been assaulted at least seven times on the following dates: 11 February, 23 March, 4 April, 13 April, 20 April, 8 May and 26 July. These assaults include an alleged strangulation until semi-conscious (11 February); beating with 'sticks' (23 March); use of body belt (11 February, 23 March); and periods of up to 26 hours in the strong box cell (11 February, 23 March, 4 April, 8 May).

Contd on p.13

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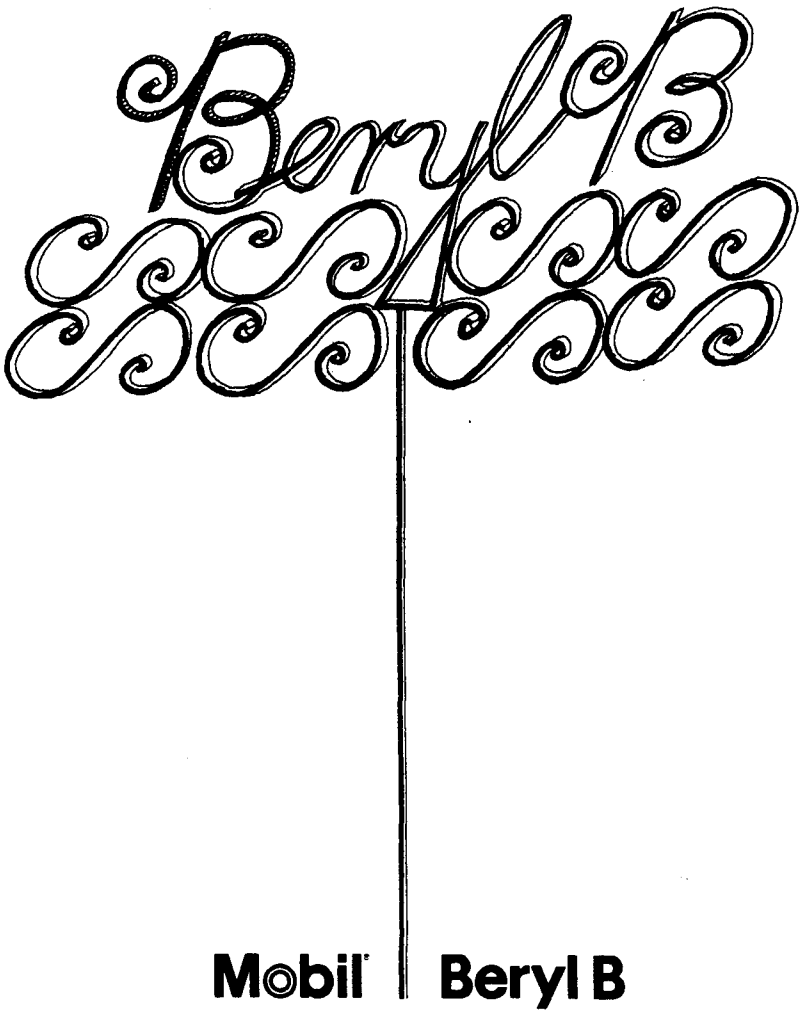

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August but also that he was denied food and drink for five days between 1 and 5 August 1983. In 1983 prisoner Ian Methven died in Wandsworth. He had acute bronchitis which had not been treated, as well as a rare heart condition which was not discovered until after his death. The inquest verdict was death by natural causes aggravated by lack of care. Terry Smerdon was found dead in his cell with bruises on his body in January 1982. The inquest returned an open verdict. PROP, the prisoners rights movement, called for a public inquiry. The Prison Reform Trust, in its pamphlet 'Beyond Restraint', found that prisoners at Wandsworth were twice as likely to be restrained as prisoners in other local prisons. The Home Office's own statistics confirm a very high level of drugging in Wandsworth (see 'league table'). Lord Avebury, who deals with complaints from hundreds of prisoners, says that Wandsworth produces more, and more serious, complaints than any other prison.

The examples detailed here refer only to the first seven months of this year. The story they tell is bad enough. But Geoff Coggan of PROP says that Wandsworth has always been a 'punishment prison' and that the regime is deliberately 'authoritarian' in order to show prisoners 'how bad prison can be'. This, if true, would place responsibility for events in Wandsworth directly on the Home Office.

The *New Statesman* has put a series of five questions to the Prison Department in an attempt to discover the truth about conditions and discipline in Wandsworth. Two questions have been answered: the Prison Department (which is part of the Home Office) confirmed that H1 segregation unit has been closed, and that there is a problem with cockroaches in Wandsworth.

We also asked how many prisoners had been put in the segregation unit between 10 January and 26 July 1984, broken down by reason. The expense and effort of producing this information was not justified, a spokesperson

Thatcher's 2nd XI — No 4: Douglas Hurd

DOUGLAS HURD has been a consistent if not brilliant performer in Mrs Thatcher's second team ever since 1979. But he seemed doomed always to miss promotion. However, while holidaying in the Swiss air of Lady Glover's Schloss Frendenberg she decided finally to bring up to the Cabinet the tall, intellectual and witty figure of the 54-year-old thriller writer and 'perfect gent'.

His professional talents have been so transparent that even the *Sunday Express*, not known for sympathy for a former Political Secretary of Ted Heath, has been pushing for his promotion for seven years. More significantly, Lord Carrington used to extol his virtues to Mrs Thatcher, who is impressed by him, even if she realises he is not 'one of us'.

Hurd's advantage as a cool, highly intelligent and experienced former diplomat in Northern Ireland will be his ability to approach it without the illusion that it is genuinely part of the UK. As a considerable theoretician within the FO mould, Hurd will see Ulster within the context of his belief that 'European cohesion is desperately needed in a fractious, fragmented and dangerous world,' and, therefore, of its impact on needed allies in Dublin or Washington, rather than in terms of soothing unsophisticated Protestant loyalists.

From Mrs Thatcher's viewpoint, elevating Hurd to the Cabinet does not mean boosting a potential opponent. Although still friendly with Heath, he has always been his own man, with the skill and detachment of a senior civil servant, rather than a talent for building a power base. He cannot reach a mass audience with the vivid language of a skilled pop journalist or populist politician. Indeed, his very ability as an analytical politician nurtured in the schools of civilised upper middle-class life also creates his political vulnerability; his outlook is narrow, lacking in passion or vision or indeed the ability to comprehend the vulgar or unseemly activities that make up much of political life.

He does have an emollient talent, lately demonstrated in getting through the Commons the modified version of the controversial Police and Criminal Evidence Bill. By minor concessions, exquisite good manners and careful explanation, he muted the explosions. He pointed out that the soaring crime rate demands better prevention and improved policing. To secure the latter requires a 'clear and up-to-date' definition of police powers which were 'increasingly in tatters'. He saw the Bill's job to 'strike a new and more precise balance', to avoid getting 'too wide without adequate safeguards' while remaining 'strong enough to enable the police to catch the criminal'. Labour politicians have found it difficult to score off a man whose logician's approach has been honed as a scholar at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won a First in History while becoming Chairman of both the Conservative Association and the Union.

Doug Hurd was destined for politics, either ecclesiastical or lay. An 18th century Bishop Hurd was a friend of George III. His first memory, as a five-year-old in 1935, was being dressed in blue with his two brothers to confront a diamond-studded woman Liberal opponent on horseback, in his grandfather's successful campaign to retain Devizes as a Tory MP.

He was advised against going straight into politics by his father, the late Baron (Anthony) Hurd who had settled down in 1945 as MP for Newbury and a company director (Fison's, Massey-Ferguson, Falklands Islands Company) after spells as a Wiltshire farmer and agricultural correspondent for *The Times*.

Douglas first chose the Foreign Office, and was posted to Peking in 1954 while the Korean war finally tailed away. He was transferred to the UN in New York in 1956, at the height of Britain's isolation during the Suez invasion. After a spell at home he found Rome from 1963 to 1966 a backwater. He entertained himself writing thrillers with fellow diplomat Andrew Osmond, a co-founder of *Private Eye*, in the hopeful knowledge that this would bring honourable release from the Diplomatic Service, then over-staffed in his age group.

Eighteen years later, Doug Hurd would not have been surprised to be passed over again. Thrillers like his rogue-packed 1972 *Truth Game* show his own belief that, in contemporary politics the 'baddies' get ahead fastest, because of their greater ambition and vanity. He himself tried the gentleman's route after 1966: a stint in Conservative Central Office, where he headed the Foreign Affairs section, then in Ted Heath's private office, both in Opposition, 1968-70, and in No 10, where he took over from Marcia Williams: 'Where she had made war, I was supposed to make peace.' He used this base to try to find a safe seat, but discovered that his closeness to Heath was no advantage. He was rejected by Meriden, St Marylebone, Arundel, Macclesfield and Eastbourne before finding a safe harbour at Mid-Oxfordshire (now Witney) just before the February 1974 general election.

The ousting of Ted Heath by Margaret Thatcher in February 1975 posed a particular problem for Doug Hurd. He could not leap from one bandwagon to the other in the nimble style of a Norman Lamont. He kept his friendship with Heath, but made it clear by his hard work on the party's behalf that he would not rock the Tory boat on Ted's behalf.

This won him Mrs Thatcher's tentative endorsement in January 1976, when she named him assistant foreign affairs spokesman under Reggie Maudling. Hurd worked so hard that, in the same year, he separated from his first wife of 15 years, Tatiana, who said: 'Really, politics don't mix with marriage'.

Hurd seemed in his element when appointed Minister of State in the Foreign Office when the Tories returned to power in May 1979. There he enjoyed the intelligence and congeniality of Lord Carrington and partly shared the pro-Arab sentiments of the deputy Foreign Secretary Sir Ian Gilmour. Carrington urged his promotion on Mrs Thatcher. This came in April 1982, when he became effectively deputy Foreign Secretary — but without the Cabinet post that Gilmour had enjoyed before his sacking — with the Falklands resignations of Carrington, Atkins and Luce.

Hurd kept his disappointment quiet, as the next reshuffle came in the wake of the June 1983 election victory, with the sacking of Francis Pym as Foreign Secretary and his replacement by Sir Geoffrey Howe. Despite predictions of promotion to the Cabinet by many observers, Hurd was posted as No 2 to Leon Brittan, to take over Patrick Mayhew's job on the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill. He must now feel that this time one of the 'goodies' has got a prize.

Andrew Roth

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said. Two similar questions, first put to the Prison Department on 9 August, have not yet been answered: how many prisoners had been put in a body belt in that period, and how many were put in 'strong box' cells?

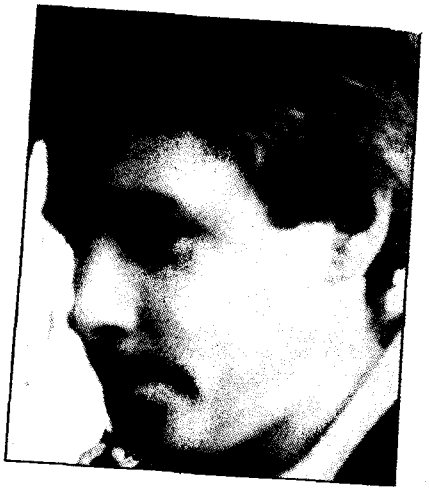
Is the Prison Department deliberately running a 'punishment' prison in South London for 'troublesome' prisoners? Chris Smith MP has called for a thorough investigation into Wandsworth. He says that the allegations, if only partially true, reveal 'an outrageous abuse of the custodial role of prison authorities.' Lord Avebury points out that there is a pattern and consistency about the allegations which cannot be ignored and lends substance to the prisoners' claims.

The term 'hard nick' seems to be a euphemism for brutality. Whether or not the Home Office is moved to conduct a 'thorough' inquiry remains to be seen. Chris Smith has yet to get an answer to his letter asking for an investigation sent on 12 July. □

Their stories

Contd from p.10

Clive Cumberbatch, a black prisoner, was assaulted in the visiting room on 8 July in view of his wife Marion and their two-year-old daughter. Other visitors also witnessed the assault. Marion says that it was a closed visit in a cubicle with reinforced glass between the prisoner and the visitors. After a few minutes prison officers approached and spoke to her husband. She could not hear what was said. The next thing she saw was Clive being hit on the head with a truncheon and a large number of officers beating her husband up. She says his head was forced through a window. Clive Cumberbatch was also assaulted on 10 January.



Jimmy McCaig (above) was in Wandsworth segregation unit from 10 January to 30 April. During this time he says he was not only assaulted but also placed in a body belt and/or in the strong box cell repeatedly. He says the body belt was used on him at least five times and once for two days. He also confirms use of the body belt on other prisoners while he was there. He says he was forcibly injected twice. He described one incident. He says that eight or nine prison officers dragged him to a strong box cell, tore his clothes from his body and injected him in the backside. After about 10-15 minutes he began to feel sleepy and 'mellow'. Then he lost consciousness. When he recovered his mouth was dry, he felt sore and physically a 'wreck'. He does not know how long he was unconscious but believes it to have been about 14 hours. He also says that he was more than once held in the strong box without any clothes.

OBITUARY

GOOD COMPANION

J. B. Priestley, who died last month, would have been 90 this week. He was for many years a regular contributor to the *New Statesman* and a director of the company after the last war

J. B. PRIESTLEY was born in Bradford on 13 September 1894. He would have enjoyed his 90th birthday, as he always enjoyed a celebration, and it's sad that he was deprived of it. Sad, too, that we are deprived of his wry comment on missing it by inches.

When he was about 60, Priestley was saying to friends: 'There's a position vacant — Grand Old Man of English Letters. I reckon to fill it.' Whether he did entirely establish himself in this role is a matter of judgment, though it's safe to say that no one else in our time had done so. What is significant is that, as he stood his ground through the decades, Priestley never became a back number. His most famous book, *The Good Companions*, has gone on steadily finding new readers ever since it was published in 1929. The 50th anniversary of *English Journey* was marked by the most genuine of accolades — the appearance of another 'English journey' to repeat the pattern. These, and other Priestley books, still have much to say to us. Shrewdly, observantly and trenchantly, Priestley recorded what was indestructible and perceived what was changing in English life.

Most important writers (there are some exceptions) have generated a lavish and incessant flow of hundreds of thousands of words. It would take a computer to decide who produced the most staggering output of books, plays, essays, pamphlets, statements of opinion, and letters to a host of recipients. Perhaps Voltaire, perhaps Shaw. Priestley, at all events, was in the upper bracket of the prolific. A selection of 'The Best of Priestley' would have to include pieces knocked out in an hour or two, at the end of a day devoted to the current book, in response to a request from an editor, and despatched without revision to catch the post. In good Yorkshire style, he never let a shoddy article pass his built-in quality control.

The editor, for a number of years, was Kingsley Martin. The tone of the *New Statesman* — critical, often grumbling, serious without being solemn, indifferent to predictable consistency — exactly suited Priestley's temperament. The paper was then called the *New Statesman and Nation*, and it was Priestley who transmuted that title into 'the Staggers and Naggers'. When he was a regular contributor (or as regular as he ever consented to be) his pieces were called 'Letters from Two Islands'. One was the Isle of Wight, where he lived at the time, and the other was the whole Island of Britain. The former evoked his love of small, thoroughly known places of well-defined character; the latter reflected his concern for the prospects and perils facing the larger community. He was an insular man, valuing the clarity and reassurance of boundaries, especially the natural and enduring boundary that we call the sea — yet with his eyes always scanning the horizon.

Britain was never so absolutely an island as in the summer of 1940, when nothing crossed the Channel but aircraft loaded with bombs. In his celebrated wartime broadcasts, Priestley spoke for an England solely reliant on itself and drawing courage from traditional instincts; but he also summoned that England to become the champion of a better future, not for itself alone, but for Europe and the world. He wasn't the man to minimise his own achievement and he was convinced that those broadcasts implanted the convictions and nourished the hopes that produced the Labour victory in the election of 1945. He may well have been right. Anyway, when Churchill reacted with disapproval to the Priestley broadcasts, he too was looking well ahead.

Vision and hope were needed again in 1957, when the danger — alike to Britain and to the world — came from the new monstrosity of nuclear weapons. 'Leave it to me,' Priestley was heard to say reassuringly, 'I saw off the Tories in '45, and now I'll see off this bloody bomb.' It wasn't, alas, a mission that could be carried through by a change of government. But no single man did more than Priestley to give voice to the protest of conscience and reason.

THE TWO SEMINAL texts of what, a few months later, became the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament were both published in the *New Statesman*. One was an article by Priestley; the other an open letter by Bertrand Russell addressed to Nikita Khrushchev and John Foster Dulles. Curiously, both writers had something to live down. Russell, some years before, had proposed that the Soviet Union should be threatened with attack unless its rulers agreed to the internationalisation of nuclear energy. Priestley, in a 1952 article for an American magazine, had suggested that

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defeat in war and the overthrow of Communism might make Russia a happier place, in which grateful crowds would flock to a production of *Guys and Dolls* in the Bolshoi. The record certainly refutes the allegation that the men who inspired CND cherished naive illusions about the virtues of the Soviet system.

But CND was, and is, the potent confluence of two native English traditions. Russell, the sceptical and iconoclastic philosopher, made a mercilessly logical analysis of the fallacies and illusions that were assembled to justify the nuclear arms race. Priestley, the voice of robust common sense and the humane imagination, announced in effect that the bloody bomb was something that no decent person would touch with a bargepole. The campaign that developed, a baffling new phenomenon to both the Tory and the Labour establishments, was often described as an idea whose time had come. But no idea gains presence or force without words; and the words came, first and most memorably, from Russell and Priestley.

Like others who can speak to — and speak for — a wide swathe of fellow-citizens, Priestley wasn't all of one piece. He had the ambitions of an artist and a high degree of literary sensitivity, but he never despised entertainment and the ready response. He dealt in plain facts and tangible realities, but he indulged in the musings of a mystic; the plays that explored the relativity of time and the elusiveness of personality were as truly Priestleyan as the novels written from a photographic memory. He wasn't the greatest of writers, nor the greatest of thinkers, nor even the greatest of journalists, but it's hard to think of anyone who held writing skill, reflective thought and immediate presentation in a closer unity. He was ineradicably rooted in the past; he reacted instantly to the present at each and every moment; and he looked steadily at the future.

It's strange, these days, to walk in the old streets of the Bradford where Priestley grew up. The houses, built of rough blocks of solid Yorkshire stone, stand where they stood. The names, like Lumb Lane and Whetley Hill, remain. But the chapels are mosques, the butchers sell halal meat, the accents are Punjabi. Priestley wouldn't have minded. He was saddened by the destruction that leaves an emptiness; he never feared change. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□There is a roaring trade in the coalfields selling souvenir miners' lamps in brass to visiting policemen, who are not short of a bob or two these days. It is not always made clear that on many sales a proportion of the profit goes to the local NUM strike fund. — *Guardian* (Jill McGivering)

□Passengers will be charged £1 extra if they sit down while using over-night trains between King's Cross and Scotland from 1 Oct. Passengers will not have to pay the charge if they elect to stand or take along their own camping stool, said British Rail. 'The move is in line with further determined efforts to reduce operating costs and match resources to the number of passengers actually travelling.' said Eastern Region, York. — *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

MINERS

SCRATCHING A LIVING

Mal

Steve Pyke

What has six months' strike done to mining communities? Chris Burkham returns to the pit village where the dispute began

BRAMPTON is the Yorkshire village that surrounds the Cortonwood colliery. Without the pit there would be no village. Its suddenly announced closure was what started the present miners' struggle.

While the media concentrate mainly on the confrontations between pickets and police and the political manoeuvrings of Ian MacGregor and Arthur Scargill, in mining communities like Brampton the reality is that the dispute has become a confrontation which, in the words of one Brampton miner, 'no one is going to win outright. It just hardens our determination. I'm not going back on *their* terms.' His wife added: 'No way is he going to go on strike for six months and go back with nowt — we've not struggled all this time for nothing.'

The products of posters in London and elsewhere declaring 'The Miners urgently need your food. Pass it on' are carried out of Brampton Parish Hall in yellow Raleigh cycle carrier bags. Every Tuesday these food parcels are distributed to the mining families over the counter of the cloak-room. In the room next door a television crew prepares thousands of pounds worth of electronic equipment for an evening broadcast.

Keith and his wife Kath are living through their third strike. Right at the beginning they prudently cut off and sent back the 'non-essentials' — telephone, colour TV, video — and now live from 'day to day'.

The parcels containing assorted tinned goods, sugar, cereals and 'necessities', along with the twice-weekly free lunches are 'a big help. We are a lot better fed than we could be, we could be starving'. With two children of 10 and 8 to bring up, they are very conscious of making the little money they have stretch as far as possible — buying cracked eggs for the cheaper price, baking their own bread. 'If I have to go without,' points out Kath, 'I'll go without, but these two won't. The kids have got to come first'.

For the last three months she has supplemented their 'income' by taking in sewing at home, although she can only earn £4 week before the Social Security would cut back on their payments. 'We get £32.57 altogether and out of that there's £19.57 to pay to the bank for the mortgage, there's £1.20 for the water

Steve Pyke

Kath with one of her children: 'The kids have got to come first'

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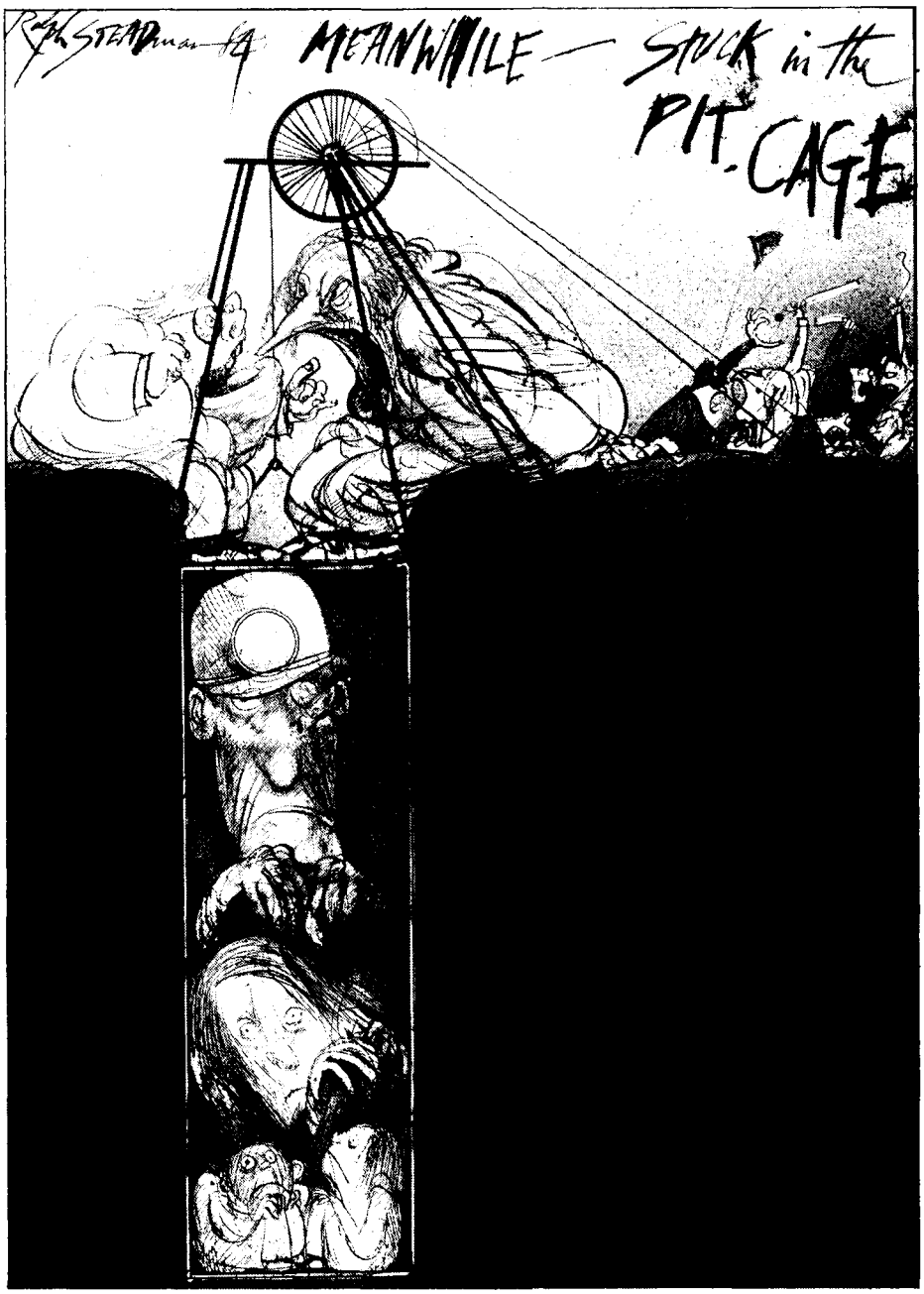

Ralph Steadman

rates plus £5 for electricity and £1 for gas — which leaves me about £7 a week plus £13 family allowance'.

They may have laughed at the beginning of the strike when they read in *Old Moore's Almanack* that it was predicted to last through to February, but now they are preparing their children to accept a more threadbare Christmas this year and Keith has 'just got to pray that it finishes as soon as possible. That we can get a suitable agreement that can get us back to work. The first few months it was driving me crazy just sitting about the house. You're lost because you want to be doing something. I've got more used to it, but I still want to get back'.

Apart from tending his garden or taking the kids for a swim, Keith also passes some time by 'flying', as picketing has become known. This provides him with enough money for each week's rolling tobacco — and causes Kath some anguish because she doesn't know if his picket has been caught up in violence or not. The confrontations are also changing their children's view of the police. 'From what they've seen on telly, they're going to hate them.'

'We live in this village and if they shut Cortonwood what are we going to have here? It's going to be dead, it'll be a ghost town. We've only been buying our house for twelve months. If it's going to end up like a ghost town, what good will it have done us buying a house'?

IN HIS 58th YEAR Ray Kelham had decided to retire in 1984, before the strike was called. He's 'not fighting for myself, but for the younger end'. He has served his time on the picket-line in previous disputes and was recently pall bearer of a black coffin with 'Reserved For MacGregor' painted on the side during a march in Wakefield. In common with most of the miners he finds it odd to be without work — after a stint of over 30 years.

'We've been struggling, but the bank book is going down now. We had a few savings so we had to use those — they're nearly gone now. We've been scratching. If I hadn't been a steady going man I would be in Queer Street now.

'It's hardship for everybody and it's having a definite effect on the community. There's your shops, your public houses — their trade has gone down. We used to go to the fish shop twice a week, but we haven't been able to afford fish & chips for the last 10 weeks.'

The scarcity of money affects all the miners and particularly the young single miners, although they also have a better chance of making a few pounds here and there. To some it is almost 'like a holiday without pay', especially if they have 'scratched' around for enough money for a few beers in the local pub. Belonging to a family of eight, Mal boosts their weekly £54 by 'gathering old scrap, cast iron, aluminium — 'owt like that. At the beginning of the strike we could get £36 a week from the Social, but if you want that £36 you have to sign a form saying that when you start back at work you'll repay them at £12 a week. So I didn't fancy that'.

Standing on top of the stockpile of coal in front of the still pit, Mal points out where a group of children are 'riddling' the coal, sieving the dust from the lumps before carrying it home. This practice has also become popular with profiteers from Sheffield, who shift sackloads to the hearths of South Yorkshire. Also profiting from the inactive pit are the scrap merchants, who are only too willing to pay a pittance for any prime copper or brass which may come their way.

While the miners are relatively inactive they have also found themselves taking on more domestic chores, as some wives find themselves in the unusual position of being the bread-winner. One recently married miner with two small children, who left school on a Friday and started at the pit on the Monday, now has to partly rely on his wife's earning potential.

'I'm old fashioned. When we had the bairn I said, "You look after the kids, and I'll work." She's a school-teacher. She's got a degree and everything. So I *asked* her, because I didn't want her to think that she had to give it up, and she agreed. Now she's doing supply teaching. She did three days and drew £100. So that paid a bill'.

OUTSIDE Les Smith's store a couple of children smeared with coaldust from their riddling wait for their mother, who's buying that afternoon's *Barnsley Star* with the headlines: 'Pits Fury As More Return'. A miner

Steve Pyke

Les Smith: 'a rollicking from the taxman'

for 14 years, Les bought his shop earlier this year and has had falling income and profit margins ever since.

'From day one we cut 30 per cent of the stock

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right down to help them out, but we can only go so far. Profits are down, it's affecting everybody. We'll continue until we get a rollicking from the taxman, and that's what will happen. When you're in a shop and you're working on a low profit, the taxman thinks you're on the fiddle, but you can't go charging 31p for a tin of beans now.'

From behind the counter Les knows that they don't eat as well as they should on their restrictive budgets. The only item which has increased in sales is cigarettes. Across the street there used to be a Spar supermarket, which closed down after a couple of break-ins and when they couldn't keep pace with Les's cost cutting. Les is continually looking for bargains. He leafs through a retailers catalogue. 'Look at this: baked beans selling at 19½ makes you 6-point-whatever per cent profit. It's rubbish. Your profit's rubbish and the taxman wants to know why you're not making 10 per cent. Selling at these prices you can't make 10 per cent.'

He may not be making money through sales, but he has made £460 from a toy auction and expects to make another £500 from a toy fair, which will be added to the contents of the box on his counter that is marked: 'Money collected in this box will go towards a miners' children's party'.

It is the children, over whose future this battle is said to be being fought, who are the best cared for in Brampton, even though there is still worry over how this strained life-style will affect them. All parents vow that *their* child will not go hungry. They are to some extent cushioned from the realities of the strike by football matches, discos and a *Daily Mirror* sponsored trip to Blackpool.

'What can you do?' asks Les Smith. 'You've got to bash on and if we go down, we go down. This village was built around the pit. I don't have to tell you what it'd be like without it.' □

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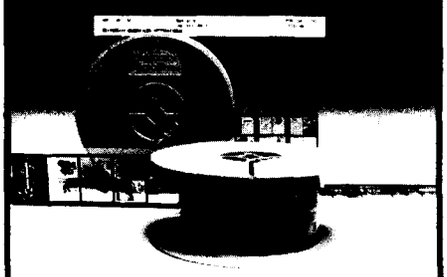

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Fawning and flattery at Maxwell House

Phillip Whitehead

WHO DARES, wins a phone call from Robert Maxwell 'personally', and a mensh on the front page of the *Mirror*. Wretched hacks grateful for the anonymous by-line 'Mirror Reporter' have to write 'Yes, the excitement is spreading across the country . . .' as millions wait for that personal call from the man 'whose voice they recognise from the television', Maxwell the Peacemaker himself.

The big man has moved into the Ninth Floor at Mirror Group HQ, to take personal charge of his new toy. He has slashed the price to 16p to take on the *Sun*, at a cost of £6 million. The Bingo millions come extra, to put on circulation. It might be cheaper simply to sell Bingo cards in the supermarkets, but the Chairman does not think himself extravagant. (When he dined his executives in Brighton during the TUC Conference he dismissed a waiter proferring cheese and liqueurs with a curt 'I've spent enough on this meal already'.) The Mirror Group is his personal fief. You wear his livery if you want to stay within the castle gate.

Does it matter that the *Mirror* is headed to be a *Sun* without the flare that sometimes lights up that vulgar gossip sheet? The *Sun* has a heroine in Mrs Thatcher. The *Mirror* has — Mr Maxwell. The old press lords rang up from Antibes, and kept their favoured friends out of the limelight. This one lives on the Ninth Floor and keeps himself in it.

The extraordinary fiasco of the Maxwell peace initiative at the TUC was used to give him maximum exposure, haranguing miners on the picket line about the need to compromise while telling the NCB which parts of their formula were 'dead'. One cannot imagine Mr Maxwell trying to do good by stealth, but the essence of an intermediary is that he is unobtrusive, and trusted by both sides. When the initiative broke down in a further round of public insults the *Mirror* asked 'Can they end this Farce?' It did not ask how much harder the task of the TUC in pressurising the NCB back to the negotiations had become. No matter, the paper and its proprietor were at the heart of the main news story of the month, had become part of it. The tragedy is that this is happening to a newspaper which was not in terminal decline under its previous ownership, but had actually put on 50,000 circulation without the meretricious appeal to greed which is now buying 'readers'.

It had done so as a paper of the moderate Left, which under Mike Molloy's editorship had taken stands sharply athwart the conventional establishment — notably on the Falklands war. It has moralists and muckrakers with licence to enrage. In Joe Haines it has a leader writer who knows in his bones that the paper is lost unless it remains the champion of a welfare society. To be fair to Maxwell, he has given personal guarantees to Haines and to his journalists that they can write as they please. But one remembers Mr Maxwell's strictures on the very mild muckraking of the *Observer* where the Mark Thatcher cover-up was concerned, and his long tradition of 'backing Britain'. What will happen where his views conflict with those of his journalists?

It is not just that the whole 'Go for a £Million!' philosophy runs counter to what the *Mirror* was, at its best. It is also that the Mirror Group papers already seem to be giving the government a very soft ride indeed. They support Labour, in the sense that a newspaper might deliberately choose to give greater prominence to one football team rather than another, if it has many fans who would not otherwise be able to read about it. But if the reasons *why* the case of the Left, and the social values which sustain it, are not set out, the political support comes down to whim. Which may explain why prominent Labour figures buttonhole the critic; take it easy . . . powerful man . . . paid the bills . . . not as bad as he's painted . . . hates the City establishment.

All kinds of outsiders hate the City establishment. Another with some cause is Mr Tiny Rowland. At the moment Maxwell is on the move again in the share market, has built up his stake in Fleet Holdings, publishers of the rival *Daily* and *Sunday Express* and *Daily Star* to over 15 per cent. A smaller number are held by Mr Rowland's Lonrho. The two men may have a common interest, beyond their very public distaste for any scutiny of the business activities of the Thatcher family. Mr Maxwell, for all his deft use of surrogates in his other business activities, would not be allowed to add Fleet Holdings to his Mirror Group.

Of course, we could all be wrong about where Mr Maxwell is headed. He could come to realise that the Labour voters who are his tabloids' natural market have values and views which can be built upon, not bought over with his largesse. But equally those Labour and union leaders in receipt of a scarcely more subtle form of that largesse should reflect on where the instant populism of Maxwell House may take *them*. The words of another Mirror tycoon will have to be used to his successor; enough is enough. Maxwell *is* a big man in his world. I think he will respond better to firmness than to fawning and flattery from those he claims to support. □

Phillip Whitehead, former Labour MP for Derby North, is now making a series on the Seventies for Channel 4.

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DIARY

Denis Herbstein

Geneva

The Palais des Nations, staring down onto Lake Geneva and up to Mont Blanc, is where you bring your complaints about war and persecution. Across the neo-classical stage, venue of the final League of Nations meeting in 1946 (chaired, curiously, by Lord Robert Cecil), flit and stagger the wounded and homeless, seeking redress: Namibians; Palestinians; Ahmediyya Moslems, nastily singled out by President Zia; one-time slavers from Mauritania; Pakistanis in one room, not quite talking to Afghans in another; the irrepressible Sean MacBride, writing letters of peace to Reagan and Chernenko.

Downstairs in the foyer, an embarrassment that should not happen to a more august place. Mahmond Raafat is on hunger strike (to the death, he swears) because he was sacked as a Palais security officer. Normally, they get tenure after 18 months, but having temped for four years Raafat was told to become a porter instead. No loss of salary, but certainly a come-down in the world. Security officers — ex-gendarmes, customs officers, foreign legionnaires — have complete sway in the UN territory and the Swiss police need special permission to enter the grounds.

The blue-eyed, chestnut-haired man from Beirut accuses his superiors (the chief security officer, Roger Neild, is English) of racial discrimination. The house trade union is behind him, though there will be no call for 'all out'. Raafat is accused of laziness, which causes a large portion of the remaining 3,500 international civil servants to wonder who will be next.

○

A Babel-like flow of secretaries (female) and functionaries (largely male) proceeds to a subsidised cafeteria lunch past an exhibition of contemporary Red Indian art on the spacious third floor landing. It's a temptation when writing a diary of this sort to go for the strange names, straight out of Saturday morning cinema. Indeed, the show, entitled 'No beads, no trinkets', is an attempt to change the Hollywood image. Phil Red Eagle (half Sioux, half Clallum) says American history books still depict his ancestors as 'savages, ignorants, drunks'. But he avoids making a political statement. 'A Russian came over the other day and tried to squeeze me into saying something critical, but I wasn't swallowing that'. Still, a prominently-displayed exhibit by Edgar Heap of Birds has a tryptich of six movable words — 'Dominate, moving, relocate, conquest, destroy, earth.' Juxtapose as you will.

The official guided tour of the Palais takes in a statue presented by Churchill's granddaughter, Ms Edwina Sandys. The old man's adage about 'jaw, jaw' being better than 'war, war', is here more realistically adjusted to 'jaw, jaw while you make war, war'.

○

At the 'journalists' encounter' organised by the UN Council for Namibia we had two pressmen from the Soviet Union, one representing Byelorussia, the other the Ukraine. They spoke excellent English, in fact Victor Stelmakh from Kiev works on the glossy monthly, *News from the Ukraine*. Priced at a loss-leading 35 kopecks, it goes out to 69 countries — even, says Victor, to Ukrainian immigrants in Minnesota, nostalgic for news of the old country. It runs pieces on 'Freedom of religious conscience in the USSR', 'How to organise a choir' and 'Six hours with miners' — in Donetsk, this one, not Yorkshire, nor any hint of pit closures.

Our discussions were divided into four sessions, each chaired by a journalist. The Soviets would get one session. The two Russians and the Pole (from *Tribuna Ludu* in Warsaw) seemed uncertain as to who should take it. Then one of the Russians offered to be chair, with the comrade from Poland vice-chair. We Westerners smiled, maybe drawing the wrong conclusion. In the end, Victor did it unaided and uneventfully. And he asked us to write a piece which would appear in *News from the Ukraine*. The Western hacks smiled again, some mindful of the soft rouble, others of what the folks back home might think.

○

Up to now, Switzerland's well-known neutrality in war and refugee work has kept her out of the United Nations, even though the organisation's European headquarters are in Geneva. But next year the cantons and the people will vote on a government proposal to join. Neutrality, to be sure, has not stopped Swiss banks making loans to South Africa, nor refusing money from tyrants around the world. Nor the giant Swiss firm, Nestlé, from spreading the gospel of bottle feeding in a Third World which ought to provide milk from the breast.

As far as the German-speaking 70 per cent are concerned, Zurich controls the economic purse strings and there is nothing to fear in the rarified world of international politics. But I did get the distinct feeling that the French 20 per cent are becoming disenchanted with the Confederation. Not a separatist movement, good lord no. Rather, as a Suissesse (the Swiss French for a Swiss female) says: 'We are doubly colonised, by the Americans and by the Swiss Deutsch'. By the French French too, I would have said, as talented French-speakers, film-makers, writers, artists, leave Geneva and Lausanne for Paris in search of a wider inspiration.

○

Still, Geneva seems a rather more tolerant place than it was in the days of John Calvin, who turned the city into the Protestant Vatican. In the 16th century, when the Spanish inquisitors were rooting out the faithless, Calvin ruled with an iron hand, his ecclesiastical police empowered to penetrate, at any time of day or night, the homes of people to see whether they were 'honouring God as they should'. You could be imprisoned for eating patê for breakfast, throwing darts or dice in a public place, wearing silk or velvet.

All of which information I found in the history of the Holy Trinity Church, the Eglise Anglaise, a fine neo-gothic structure in the Rue du Mont Blanc, right in the centre of town. The Swiss have declared it a national monument. At the moment the parishioners — the business community, retired couples, civil servants from Britain, America and the Commonwealth — are holding fetes and little evenings to raise money to restore the roof and buy an organ. I do like to come across worthy British institutions abroad.

ROGER WODDIS

Church too militant

Following the Vatican's attack on 'liberation theology', Norman Tebbit, the Trade and Industry Secretary, has condemned London church leaders for involving themselves in politics on behalf of the poor.

To render unto Caesar what is Caesar's
And not presume to do the gaffer's job
Is after all the churchman's proper function:
Beyond that duty he should shut his gob.

The anguish of the broken and defenceless
For Jesus' sake is hardly his affair;
His role was clearer when the Church of
England
Was merely the Conservatives at prayer.

To those who question why they suffer sorely
The guardian of their spirits should reply
By turning all their thoughts from earthly
hunger
Towards the hope of pumpkin in the sky.

He should remind them Man is born to trouble,
His fate as sure as upward-flying sparks;
And certainly God helps the meek and humble,
But God help those who seek to follow Marx.

Blessed are they that have no mind to meddle,
And urge their flock to bleat till Kingdom
Come;
Blessed are they that watch the wolf
approaching,
And serve their masters by remaining dumb.

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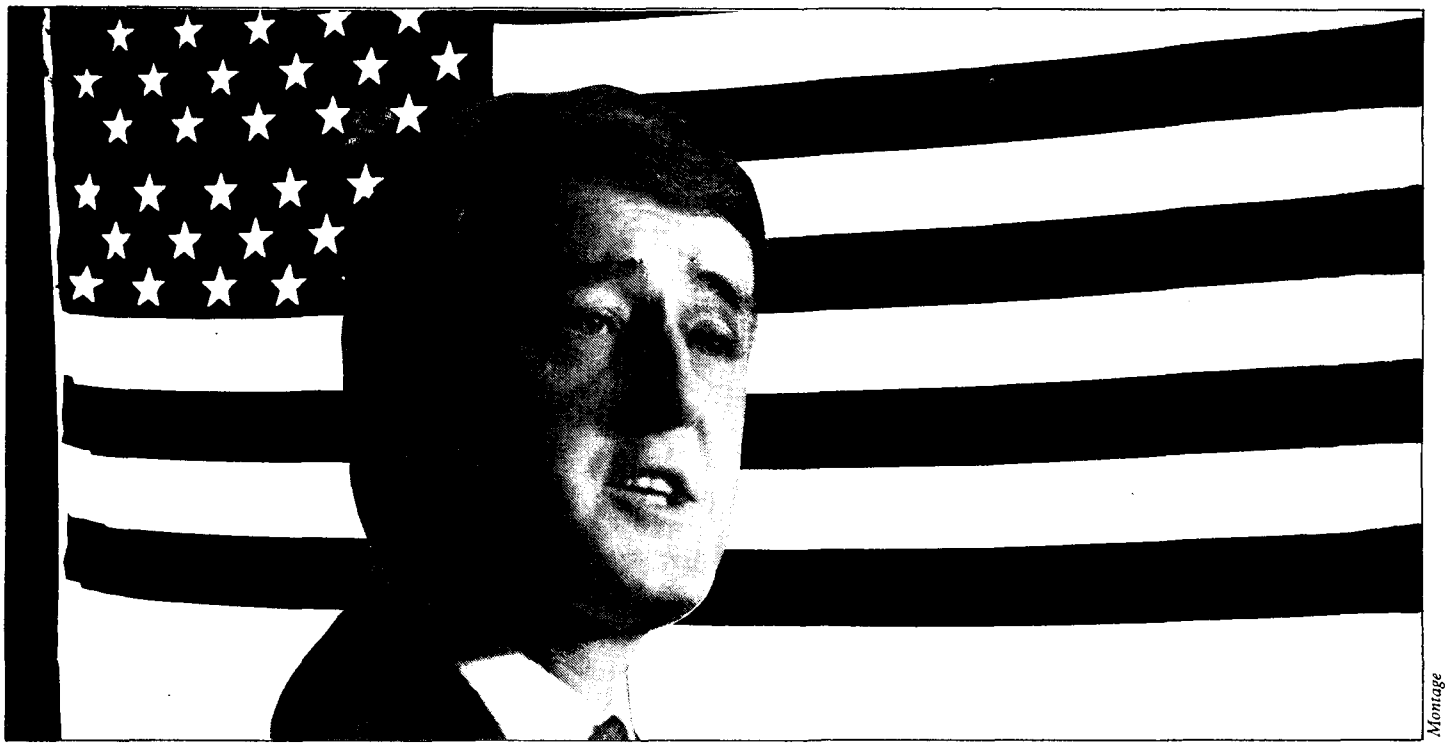
PUPPET ON A FRAYING STRING



Montage

Canada's Prime Minister elect, Brian Mulroney, has all the makings of an American puppet. But, as John Honderich reports, the traditional rivalry between the US and the Canadian economies may yet upset his cosy relationship with President Reagan

Toronto

AS BRIAN MULRONEY and his Progressive Conservatives swept to their overwhelming victory, there were more than a few glasses raised south of the border. 'Someone we can finally get along with' muttered one Reagan Administration official. Although the US remained publicly neutral, there is no doubt Reagan was glad to be rid of Pierre Trudeau.

Personally, the two men never hit it off, fighting openly over arms negotiations with the Soviets, agreeing to disagree over Reagan's Central American adventures and constantly battling over the maze of economic problems which inevitably arise between two neighbours. Then last June Reagan took the highly unusual step of publicly welcoming Mulroney to the Oval office while the Tory leader was still in opposition. Speaking to reporters outside, Reagan jocularly suggested that North America needed 'another Irishman' at the helm. To complete the cosy meeting, Mulroney castigated the Liberals for 'wilfully neglecting' the bilateral relationship. The Tory leader added one of his 'highest priorities' would be to repair Canada-US ties — a theme he maintained throughout the two-month election campaign.

On the ideological front, Reagan will undoubtedly feel more at home with Mulroney. Although Mulroney's foreign policy intentions remain shrouded in vagueness, his right-wing views should make him comfortable with Reagan — not to mention Margaret Thatcher and Helmut Kohl. Mulroney strongly favours beefed-up military spending, has come out wholeheartedly in favour of Nato's two-track policy on weapons talks and in the process vetoed any talk of a nuclear freeze. Foreign policy was not a significant issue during the Canadian campaign which was distinguished only by the amazing lack of discussion of the issues. But as one of his closest advisers, MP Sinclair Stevens, likes to say: 'Mulroney is Canada's Ronald Reagan'.

AFTER THE ELECTION even the usually liberal-minded *New York Times* editorialised warmly that Canada-US ties 'are likely to be calmer now than they were in the last years under the volatile Mr Trudeau. Mr Mulroney wants to continue to restrain the nationalism that had for so long discouraged foreign investment and skewed energy policy. He seems to understand that when the world's largest pair of trading partners diverge economically, it is Canada that tends to be the one that suffers'.

Is the *Times* right? Is a closer link between the President and the Prime Minister a precursor to a new era of wine and roses? Blaming Canada's 'skewed' policies for the recent troubled relationship totally misses the point. Many of these policies, adopted into law by the Liberals, reflect a deep-felt conviction of many Canadians that the economic imbalance between the two countries had to change and that Canada had to assert itself. Such statements also ignore the protectionist brushfire that has swept Fortress America, manifesting itself in Congressional initiatives which seek to limit the entry of foreign goods. And, no matter how well Brian Mulroney and Ronald Reagan get along, these forces will not disappear.

Canada is by far America's largest trading partner. What is often described as the world's longest undefended border is also the demarcation line for about $200 billion worth of bilateral business annually — in goods, services and money. The relationship is often described as that of a mouse and elephant, with the US economy roughly ten times bigger than the Canadian. And for many years, Canada has been a happy home for many subsidiary plants of giant US multinationals. On the diplomatic front, Canada has also traditionally pursued what some call a policy of 'benign neglect': that is, designed not to rouse the slumbering elephant to roll over and crush the Canadian mouse.

HOWEVER, gradually over the past two decades the Canadian government has sought to curb US influence and in particular American ownership, which at one point affected almost 70 per cent of the entire Canadian economy. Two policy initiatives in particular have irked the Americans. One was Canada's imposition of an agency to screen all incoming foreign investment to ensure that it was 'in the best interests' of the country. The other was the creation of the national energy programme, whose underlying aim was to reduce US control of the oil and gas industry — in the late 1970s more than 80 per cent was in

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US hands. Such programmes, by definition, involved placing restrictions on US investment, which caused increasing irritation for US businessmen, used to viewing Canada as the 51st state of the Union.

Polls show that these programmes have the overwhelming support of the Canadian public and any attempt to dismantle them would appear to be a recipe for political suicide. In fact, Mulroney has proposed only to change the name of the screening agency and remove some of the more restrictive aspects of the energy plan. The new Prime Minister has learned well from the mistake of his short-lived Tory predecessor Joe Clark. During his nine-month tenure as Prime Minister in 1979 Clark suggested the dismantling of Canada's state-owned oil company, only to back down a few months later in the face of enraged Canadian public opinion.

On the US side, protectionism has gained ground since 1979 when the recession began to hit hard. And when two economies are as necessarily entwined, it is inevitable that friction will arise. Over the past five years, there have been complaints from US interests under threat from Canadian exports — everything from lumber and steel to trucks, maple syrup and potatoes.

Reagan is expected shortly to slap import quotas on steel which have been vehemently sought by both the US steel industry and its unions. American officials agree that Canadian steel imports are not the problem, but under any blanket restriction on steel imports, Canada's steel industry would be hardest hit. Some say up to 2,000 jobs and $900 million (Canadian) worth of steel is involved. Mulroney raised the issue in his pre-election chat with Reagan but no one here seriously thinks the final decision will be made on the basis of Canada-US relations.

In a major address the day after the election, Canada's Ambassador to the US, Allan Gotlieb, argued that internal US pressure for trade protection would remain strong regardless of who was in power in Ottawa. 'I believe the forces that are working for protectionism are long-term. And there is a feeling that America's trading partners are not playing by the rules'. US officials raising their glasses to Mulroney, might want to rethink their glee for, despite the rhetoric, the basic forces for friction remain as strong as ever. And Brian Mulroney must know this only too well. □

John Honderich is Financial Editor of the Toronto Star.

LATIN AMERICA

BORN AGAIN GENERALS

On 11 September the military in Chile celebrated 11 years of power. The previous week, Father Andre Jarlan, a French missionary advocating the theology of liberation, was shot by Chilean police and the Catholic Church condemned the progressive ideas which are bringing priests into conflict with repressive governments. N.F. Pery looks back on Church relations with the dictatorship of General Augusto Pinochet

IN MAY 1976 a bishop pinned the insignia of general to a statue of the Virgin Mary and stepped back reverentially as high-ranking officers saluted. He had just ratified the Virgin's traditional position as honorary head of the Chilean armed forces. Two years earlier, robed in white, General Pinochet — a Catholic — inaugurated an Evangelical Pentecostal Methodist cathedral in the presence of the entire junta.

These scenes illustrate two realities of religion in Chile: the Catholic Church, defender of the poor and of victims of the dictatorship, has also provided the Generals with a justification for repression; and the Pinochet regime has encouraged the growth of Protestant sects — many of them sponsored by the American New Right.

Both the *New York Times* and a former Jesuit, Professor Mutchler, have denounced the CIA presence in a Jesuit-directed campaign in the 60s when the Catholic Church joined forces with the Establishment in an attempt to turn the tide against the future president Allende, who came close to being elected in 1958. However, the front crumbled when the Chilean Christian Democrats implemented Kennedy's (Alliance for Progress) policies — the US Democrats' economic strategy for the region which included land reform. By 1971 the Catholic Church was politically divided with 80 priests having formed a Christians for Socialism group.

Later, in the 1973 military coup which brought Pinochet to power, several priests were murdered and many more tortured and expelled. The episcopate, however, refused to condemn the illegality of the new military regime, and 10 bishops sought to justify the airforce's bombing of the presidential palace in which Allende, the last elected Chilean head of state, died. A week after the uprising, Cardinal Raul Silva Henriquez offered Pinochet the Church's 'impartial collaboration to those who at difficult times have taken upon their shoulders the very heavy responsibility of guiding our destiny.'

There are several other Catholic organisations which oppose the theology of liberation and have exerted considerable political influence. Opus Dei, the wealthy secretive secular order that was so powerful in Franco's Spain, has also enjoyed power in Pinochet's government, especially in education, media, national youth and women's organisations. In 1974, the founder of Opus Dei in Spain, Mgr Escriva, arrived in Chile and condemned the activity of progressive priests, declaring that 'Christ never spoke of politics. He spoke as a priest and priests don't have any authority in those matters.' The sway held by well-positioned lay members of Opus Dei in political life was of course not commented upon. In the 1970s, the upper class young men of the Society for the Defence of Tradition, Family and Property (TFP) were a familiar sight preaching in the street in their medieval gowns against the 'prophets of atheism'. TFP recently emerged as the clandestine promoter of 'apparitions' of a Virgin with a political message.

IN CONTRAST to this hard core of 'traditionalists', the vast majority of priests (half of whom are foreign) are more than eager to see a return to democratic rule. Although the Church had previously helped the persecuted, it was not until 1977 that the hierarchy came out clearly against *laissez-faire* economics and the doctrine of national security, identifying them as the roots of malnutrition and abuses of human rights. But the regime does not encourage critics and the Catholic Vicariate of Solidarity, set up to provide soup kitchens, surgeries, and agricultural advice are no longer allowed to offer their services. The Vicariate's bulletin regularly denounces the brutality of the paramilitary and secret police, especially in shanty towns where male unemployment has reached a staggering 80 per cent.

The progressives in the Catholic Church are not confined to grassroots priests. Archbishop Fresno, the present moderate head of the Catholic Church, has refused to condemn a series of popular protests sparked off by the dramatically worsening economic situation. While condemning violence from both sides, he insists on the right to peaceful demonstration. Responsibility for a subsequent wave of assaults on clergy and firebombings of churches has been claimed by such groups as 'Chilean Anti-Communist Action', 'Commando of Defenders of the Fatherland' and 'Movement Against the Marxist Cancer'.

Chile is not the only Latin American country which is the target of New Right Protestants, although along with Brazil it has traditionally had the largest population of Protestants in South America. An estimated 18 per cent of the 11 million Chileans are 'Evangelical' (a blanket term in Latin America for all non-Catholic/ Orthodox Christians). That may be a small

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figure compared with the number of Catholic baptisms but, significantly, only 14 per cent attend Mass; in contrast, the level of militancy among Evangelicals is as high as 80 per cent.

Most Evangelicals are working-class *mestizos* — excluding such traditional Protestants as Lutherans, the descendants of German settlers. The largest group is the Pentecostals, estimated at 1,500,000 in 1975; the movement is known to have spread considerably over the decade. Second largest are the Seventh Day Aventists, who also run a chain of schools among the Aymara and Quechua Indians in Bolivia, where they are 'helping to bring these peoples into the modern economy' and are systematically destroying their culture and traditional livelihood. There are also large numbers of Mormons and other American sects in Chile, most of which enthusiastically support Pinochet.

Worldwide 'crusades' funded by Reaganite Born Again Christians have been especially effective in Latin America where they seek to prevent the drift to revolution and weaken the popular base of a reformist Catholic Church. Their success is largely due to their wealth in countries of acute need. Virginia-based Pat Robertson, who controls a multi-media conglomerate beaming a mix of Creationism and anti-socialism into 22 countries, offered a billion dollars to the military government of Guatemala, where nearly a quarter of the people are already 'saved'. Other capital-intensive missions operating in the region, employing sophisticated computers and anthropologists with doctoral degrees, are 'Missions Advanced Research and Communications Centre' and the 'School of World Mission' — both based in California.

The blatant enthusiasm of Evangelical leaders for the Chilean junta, which includes the Pentecostal General of Carabineros, Mendoza, was demonstrated in 1974 when 32 Churches published a declaration of support in the daily *El Mercurio*. Their loyalty was rewarded a few months later by Pinochet's Messianic appearance at the new cathedral, whose construction was heavily subsidised by the government; it was the first time a president had deigned to visit an Evangelical temple. A series of 'liturgical-patriotic acts' followed including services of thanksgiving 'for the liberation of the Fatherland from materialistic atheism' (also celebrated in many Catholic churches) and meetings of elders to anathematize the United Nations for its 'campaign of calumny' over human rights.

PROTESTANT support for the junta has nevertheless been far from total. The Santiago Lutherans opposed the takeover, resulting in the exile of their Bishop, Helmut Frentz. But other Lutherans, such as the prosperous German farmers of the south — congenial neighbours of Nazi war criminal Walter Rauff — are allies of Pinochet, as is the Anglican Bishop Pythces. Political divisions on a regional scale appeared at a Latin American Protestant and Evangelical conference in Oaxtepec, Mexico, in 1978, when delegates clashed over the human rights record of the military regimes under which they worked. One observer, T.S. Montgomery of New York University, said: 'Some Chilean delegates were unabashed supporters of the junta. Others, very quietly, made it known that they opposed the regime but were afraid to speak out in support of the progressive positions being put forth largely because they had reason to believe that two members of the Chilean delegation were agents of DINA, the Chilean secret police.'

During the dictatorship Chile has hosted a stream of right-wing US preachers. In 1976, the Pinochets received the Rev David Wong, leader of 37 million members of the World Baptist Alliance. 'From what I have seen in Chile,' enthused Mr Wong, 'I think this is a happy people who live in freedom.' A delegation of the Gideons (the businessmen who kindly provide annotated bibles to hotel guests) said in 1979 that 'Chile is the most open country in the world', while offering what was described as 'a solemn homage to General Pinochet'. Rex Humbard, a millionaire pioneer of electronic evangelism whose TV show is screened on thousands of networds worldwide, enjoys an hour's access to the Chilean public every week yet the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago was last year denied 10 minutes on the Catholic University's own channel to answer junta accusations of interfering in politics.

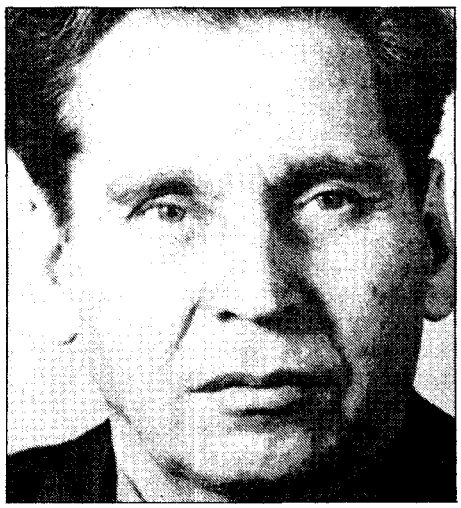
Rejection of Catholic predominance is nothing new and has in the past been directed by the freemasons, who continue to play an important role in Chilean politics. Shortly after independence from Spain, the Liberal and anti-clerical government of Freire — himself a mason — invited the British and Foreign Bible Society to open several schools, suppressing some convents to make room for the project. But soon conservative forces regained control, the Catholic Church remaining in a position of great strength until the Constitution of 1925 — written under the government of another mason — put an end to the Church/State marriage. During the late 30s and 40s the anti-clerical, masonic, middle-class Radical Party carried out important social and political reforms, curbing the 'iron despotism' of the Catholic Church through such measures as compulsory lay primary education.

Things are very different today for both Catholics and freemasons. After many divisions, purges (Allende was expelled from the Grand Lodge of Chile), deaths and exiles, the dominant faction of the Craft openly supports the junta, though with less enthusiasm in recent times. The Church, on the other hand, no longer offering uncritical support of the regime, now faces competition from the teaching of the Evangelical creed in State schools, a new feature in educational programmes.

So far the junta has managed to exploit denominational rivalry skilfully enough, but how far this banging together of ecclesiastical heads will go is not clear. Protestants are beginning to show signs of cautious discontent: in May, ministers of several Pentecostal, Methodist, Lutheran and Presbyterian Churches called for 'an economic system more human and more in keeping with divine justice', even hinting at the need for steps towards a return to democracy. Catholic Bishop Vial has said, 'In Latin America every government which has launched itself against the Church has ended rather quickly.' If there were to be a united front of radical Catholics and Protestants in Chile, then they could indeed challenge Pinochet. □

USSR

IRON GRIP OR DYING GASP?



Camera Press

Marshal Ogarkov: one of the 'new guard'

As President Reagan prepares to meet Andrei Gromyko, Michael Simmons assesses his role in the sudden dismissal of the Soviet Chief of Staff

WHATEVER BECOMES of Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, the very able Soviet Chief of Staff who was summarily removed to 'other duties' last week, the dispute which led to his dismissal is a harbinger of the wind of change which will blow in the course of the next few years through the Kremlin leadership and all its dependent hierarchies. His going had nothing to do with the way he 'played' last year's Korean airliner incident, but everything to do with policy — especially defence and foreign policy.

In one of the world's most conservative societies, Ogarkov had the temerity to go into print to suggest that there ought to be a qualitative rather than quantitative change in Soviet weaponry. He belongs essentially to the post-war generation of military men, an intellectual representative of a privileged and highly educated elite, as different as cheese from chalk from the Chernenkos and Tikhonovs of this world. His view that more sophisticated weaponry should replace the existing hordes of old tanks and missiles did not square with that of the war-bred generals and others who were already in high office while Ogarkov was still only a front line soldier.

The sequence of events triggered by the Kremlin over the last few days — cancelled Honecker visit, Ogarkov dismissal, cancelled Zhivkov visit — has a logic rooted in the Soviet history of 1940. This was the time when Stalin, about half way through his tenure, had relentlessly purged all seeming opposition and was appointing lean and hungry men to positions of importance.

Two of these men, still in their early 30s, turned out to be high-fliers. One was the young Andrei Gromyko, who was teaching and writing about economics before being catapulted, on the eve of war, into the Foreign

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Office. By the age of 33 he was Stalin's ambassador to Washington, six years later Deputy Foreign Minister, and eight years after that Foreign Minister. In his own field, he has been *primus inter pares* ever since. In today's Politburo it is his voice which has the final say on foreign policy. The ostensible Soviet leader, after all, seems to have difficulty these days pinning medals on astronauts.

As Gromyko was launching himself, Dmitri Ustinov, a Leningrad engineering graduate who was just a few months older, joined the People's Commissariat for Armaments. In 1941, at the age of 32, he became the Commissar, later re-styled Minister, and has been at the top ever since. The only hiccup came when Marshal Malinovsky died while Defence Minister in 1967; it was expected then that Ustinov might succeed, but in fact he had to wait another nine years. (He was, incidentally, about Ogarkov's age now when he got the top job.)

The strong position occupied — for the time being — by these two men has been clear ever since President Brezhnev's powers began to fail about two years before his death. At this time Bruno Kreisky, then Austria's Chancellor and a Westerner who was close to the Kremlin and a frequent visitor, declared that 'when Brezhnev goes' it will be Andrei Gromyko who makes the key decisions. The arrival of a short-sighted 'confrontationist' as President in the White House reinforced the case for Gromyko, who knows the Americans well, effectively to take over.

FOR HISTORIANS and hagiographers, the role being played by Gromyko, with or without Ustinov's support, is fascinating in the context of 'the leading role of the Communist Party'. Lenin's thinking remains sacrosanct, and much of Stalin's as well. But ever since 1953, when Stalin died, the Party leadership has been held by increasingly less powerful men. It is almost as if the Party's elder statesmen, led until his death by Mikhail Suslov, had decided that the intractability of Khruschev and the audacity of destalinisation were too much. Better to stay with continuity, even if it came from behind the Politburo's collective shoulders. For about thirty years, then, the ostensible Party leader has exercised steadily less authority and conservatism and entrenchment have become the order of the day.

Clearly, however, Gromyko does not 'run' the Soviet Union. Whatever his grounding in economics nearly fifty years ago, the scale of the problems now confronting the country's planners remains enormous. There has been some tinkering with the system, and there has been some action taken against inefficiency; but the fundamental overhaul and the motivation of the system, which economists, managers and many bureaucrats acknowledge to be essential, are having to wait. Today's older men in the Kremlin started their political lives determined to fight the capitalists and their ideological adversaries; the cold war has kept them busy and doesn't seem likely to let up for a while.

The Defence Council is one important policy-making body, capable of making decisions even more important than those made in the Politburo itself. This is a sort of inner Cabinet, where defence chiefs, chief government executives and Party leaders meet as and when required to discuss crucial issues which in their very nature impinge on security and foreign policy, as well as the largest sector of national economic activity. It approves where and when Soviet troops and weaponry should be deployed and effectively decides the size and nature of the defence budget.

In this forum, Ogarkov, as Chief of the General Staff and nominally responsible for implementing Defence Council decisions with all their ramifications, would meet the older team head-on. Now that Ogarkov has gone, the power structure has changed. It remains to be seen whether Ogarkov's successor, also thought to have a nimble mind, but like Chernenko of peasant stock, will create the same difficulties for the old guard.

But where does this sort of conflict leave the present Party leader and where is it taking the leadership of the Party itself? For all the speeches made and articles written over the years by Chernenko, it is as clear as daylight in Moscow that he does not have the authority, or even the physical stamina, to lead the country or meet all the challenges that face the leadership. Since Gromyko and Ustinov, both in their mid-seventies, also have their limitations, the younger aspirants must be getting restive. The Ogarkov development, as well as the episode of the cancelled Honecker visit to West Germany, is evidence that the old guard can still fight back. But for how long? □

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LETTERS

The Art of censorship

Brian Sedgemore MP, House of Commons, London SW1

John Spurling's piece on The Forgotten Fifties (*NS* 7 September) suggests that art criticism has barely emerged from the Dark Ages. The exhibition that I first saw at the Graves Gallery in Sheffield in March and more recently went to see again at the Camden Arts Centre is clearly not the same exhibition that Spurling reviewed.

In place of Derrick Greave's *Sheffield*, which according to Spurling 'craftily' set the scene in Camden, 'crustily painted in the characteristic livery of the Fifties', the painting that immediately caught the eye at the Greaves Gallery was Peter de Francia's *The Bombing of Sakiet*. Along with de Francia's other work *African Prison* this appeared in the Gallery under the ludicrous universal bourgeois heading 'suffering' — as though paintings about war and peace and liberty and incarceration are on a par with a painting of a man who wakes up in the morning with a headache and fumbles for an aspirin.

The hanging of the paintings in Camden was altered after ferocious criticisms that the exhibition in Sheffield was unstructured and unintelligible and after concern expressed by a spokesman from the Arts Council to me that 'we're worried that when the exhibition comes to London the art world will really tear it apart'. The new lay-out, which I admit is visually exciting, cannot hide the fact that the exhibition is still largely incomprehensible if it is meant to tell us anything about the controversies that surrounded Realist Art in the 1950s. In avoiding the anguish of those controversies the exhibition avoids the truth.

The battle was not — as Spurling seems to think — about some good works that have been forgotten and some bad works that are too painful to remember, 'given the diversity of what has happened since'. The battle was a struggle about ideas and political perspectives, the social function of art, and the conquest of English realism by American abstract expressionism. Very little of this comes through in the paintings or in the catalogue at the Camden exhibition. Far from 'speaking for themselves' as Spurling asserts, many of the paintings — unless understood in their historical context — are as bad as they seem meaningless.

Spurling writes that 'the catalogue adumbrates the background of the pictures'. I've read and re-read it and it certainly doesn't do that. Spurling must know but omits to tell your readers that the original catalogue written for the exhibition by art historian Juliet Steyn was rejected by Julian Spalding for political reasons. Correspondence with Spalding on the subject makes that very clear. Anyone who's read all or part of the original catalogue (an extract was published in *Art Monthly* No 78) and compared it with Spalding's catalogue will see that a fine piece of socialist analysis and academic research has been rejected in favour of descriptive pap.

Since ratepayers' money from Sheffield and taxpayers' money from the Arts Council have gone into the exhibition the issue of artistic censorship is important. In April, Steyn wrote to Joanna Drew, the Exhibitions Organiser of the Arts Council, and to Councillor David Brown, Sheffield's art supremo, about the issue. Six months on, neither has replied.

Two months ago at the Air Gallery Drew told me that she'd grown up with the controversies of Realist Art in the 1950s and that everyone concerned found their resurrection by Steyn painful. While we can all sympathise with Drew's private grief, as a public figure she is accountable to the public as to how she spends their money. The same goes for Brown. Perhaps they might use your columns to give us their views on censorship in art in relation to this exhibition.

'Exhibitions', wrote Steyn in the original catalogue, 'are sites where ideas are struggled for'. The Spalding and Spurling approach comes close to providing the basis for the triumph of bourgeois liberal ideas over socialist ideas.

Sue Andrew, London N1

Having seen the recent television advertisements promising radical and informed political comment, I bought the *New Statesman*. I am particularly interested in art and I looked forward to reading an art column which would offer criticism of a different order to the usual apolitical and ahistorical stuff. I was surprised to read John Spurling's anodyne review of the 'Forgotten Fifties' which avoided all of the controversies surrounding the exhibition. He avoided discussing the true politics of Realism as it was constructed in the 1950s and he ignored the recent debates which have surfaced in the Letters page of the *Guardian* and *Art Monthly* in which allegations of censorship have been made.

What concerns me is that your readers should have been denied any information concerning these important political and ideological controversies. I am aware that there is a resistance to dragging art's ideal values through the mud of politics and ideology. But I am sure that this loss would be more than compensated by the knowledge we would gain. The *New Statesman* art column treats us to a facile review of the exhibition. Visual it may have been, but political it certainly wasn't. But then there are those who say art and politics don't mix. Numbered among them appear to be Messrs Spurling and Spalding.

Dogs: what is to be done?

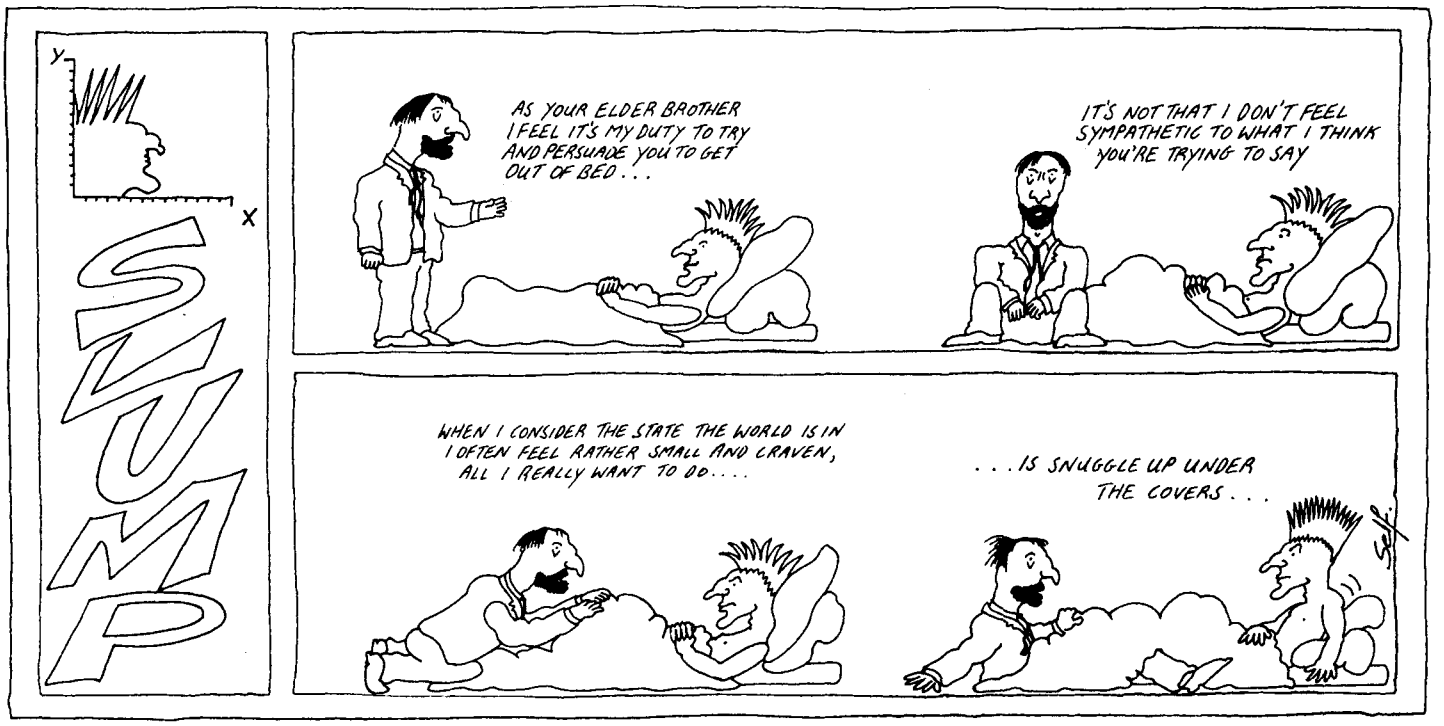
David Green, London N16

The *New Statesman* is moving towards authoritarian, repressive and inegalitarian solutions to social problems judging by this week's editorial on dogs.

Millions of town dwellers get hours of pleasure from their relationship with their pet. And millions feel safer because they have a dog in their home — particularly elderly people and women. There must be something in it if the dog population is so large.

The problem is that there is no serious public programme to deal with the hazards caused by dogs. Any socialist programme would include the active promotion of dog obedience training, the design of dog and dog-free areas in open spaces, a national dog-identification system through a harmless post code or telephone tattoo and some form of state support for veterinary care.

The *NS* solution is classically Tory. Up the price to restrict dog owning to the wealthy few (who have gardens anyway). And then employ a


Y
X
SLUMP
AS YOUR ELDER BROTHER I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO TRY AND PERSUADE YOU TO GET OUT OF BED . . .
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T FEEL SYMPATHETIC TO WHAT I THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY
WHEN I CONSIDER THE STATE THE WORLD IS IN I OFTEN FEEL RATHER SMALL AND CRAVEN, ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO . . . .
. . . IS SNUGGLE UP UNDER THE COVERS . . .

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new paramilitary force to deal with wrongdoers. The *NS* vision of a dog-catchers army belongs to the silly season not socialism or September. More far-sighted socialist politicians have realised that animal rights and human relationships with animals are a matter of serious economic and social concern. Wake up *NS*!

Belgrano sinking 'was justified'

Michael Hirst, Lecturer in Law, University College of Wales

Was the *Belgrano* sinking a needless breach of international law? Would the sinking of the *25 de Mayo* have been? I suggest not. In truth, operations against the Argentine Navy were an integral and necessary part of the overall British action to recover the Falkland Islands. Only if that entire operation violated the UN Charter would the *Belgrano* sinking do the same.

By the end of April the Argentine Navy was at sea in force — clearly and avowedly for the purpose of resisting any British attempt to recover the Falklands. It was obvious that, once that attempt began, their fleet, and the *25 de Mayo* in particular, would be ordered into action. Military logic dictated that, if possible, such intervention should be pre-empted.

It has long been known that *HMS Splendid* was sent to hunt down the *25 de Mayo* (see Hastings and Jenkins, *The Battle for the Falklands*, p 174). It is less widely known that 'Tracker' aircraft from the *25 de Mayo* located the British fleet on the evening of 1 May, and that on the morning of 2 May eight bomb-laden Skyhawks waited in vain on her deck for sufficient wind to launch into. *25 de Mayo* was then 170 miles outside the total exclusion zone (TEZ). The signal temporarily recalling the fleet to 'safer' waters (not to port) clearly came after this, at about the time the *Belgrano* is known to have reversed course. Having attempted to attack and failed, the Argentine Admirals could not — and, it seems, do not — blame the British for attempting to deny them a second chance. *Belgrano* was probably sunk in order to discourage her more dangerous and elusive consort, but only when hopes of finding the latter had failed.

As for the TEZ, this was declared 'without prejudice' to any possible need to act outside it under Article 51 of the UN Charter (see *Keesings Archives* p 31709). The entire Falklands operation was avowedly waged under Article 51, and thus any military obstacle to it, in or out of the TEZ, was likely to invite attack. Argentine admirals realised this — hence the 'recall' to safer waters — and have said that, in Britain's position, they would have acted similarly. True, there was no declaration of war — there hardly ever is nowadays, however bloody the fighting — but such a declaration would primarily be relevant only to peripheral matters such as foreign neutrality and the status of Argentine citizens in the UK. There *was* a state of hostilities, which is what matters.

And what, finally, of UN Resolution 502? Did it curtail the UK's inherent rights under Article 51? The answer, as Sir Anthony Parsons explained at the UN, is that it could do so only if Argentina complied with it. Otherwise, it would work only to Argentina's advantage, which would hardly make sense.

Teachers' pay

Barry Hugill, London E11

I did not, in my report (*NS* 7 September), say that the management panel had raised their offer to the teachers to 5.1 per cent. If they had, the teachers' industrial action would have been avoided. It was an arbitration panel that settled on 5.1.

VIEWPOINT

Towards democracy?

'EDWARD CARPENTER thought the basis of politics was sex. And, from my very *earliest* thinking about politics [pause], I must say [very much longer pause in which audience becomes a little worried], I *really* agree with him!' Cheers of affection and relief.

Dora Russell is the last speaker at what has proved to be a curious and thoroughly exhilarating evening. (Not the least of the exhilaration has come from watching her seek out the thinnest of thin ice and not so much skate over it as jump on it gleefully with both feet, extricate herself nimbly and glide serenely on.)

We are gathered to celebrate Edward Carpenter's 140th birthday and to welcome the appearance of a new book* which contains his long out-of-print *Love's Coming of Age* (1896) and *The Intermediate Sex* (1908). We've come to hear Dora Russell, Sheila Rowbotham and Fenner Brockway remember the man, evaluate his work and call for a return to his values and a revival of his spirit. We're about to enjoy Gay Sweatshop Theatre Company's dramatised reading of passages from his books and letters.

Several hundred of us have made our way (appropriately passing what was once R.H. Tawney's Mecklenburgh Square front door as we do so) to an evening which, in the best turn-of-the-century fashion, combines elements of the Penny Reading, Family Entertainment and socialist rally, all rounded off with a song: 'England Arise' in this case, Carpenter's own socialist hymn, for many years more popular than 'The Red Flag'.

Noël Greig — who's co-edited the new book and wrote some years ago *Dear Love of Comrades*, a musical play based on Carpenter's life, thereby familiarising fringe audiences with a little remembered chunk of history — is a trifle apologetic about the words of 'England Arise'. Tentatively he invites us to arise, too, and sing it 'in the spirit in which it was originally written'. As several hundred throats open to give it all they've got, it becomes clear he needn't have worried. And, indeed, why apologise for a song which apostrophises England thus: 'Over your face a web of lies is woven / Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground'? Sus, Defence of the Realm, Police Bill, must be running through more heads than mine as we sing those words.

THE EVENING revives an old tradition, long broken. Carpenter's birthday was first celebrated publicly in 1914 when he was 70 and the testimonial presented to him carried the signatures of scores of Britain's and Europe's most famous socialist names. On his 80th birthday in 1924 he received a greetings telegram signed by the whole Labour Cabinet. Each year the day was marked, even after he died in 1929, until death thinned the ranks of his contemporaries and the radical utopianism which he'd espoused became unpopular and embarrassing. In 1944, the centenary of Carpenter's birth, E.M. Forster began his Third Programme commemorative broadcast by asking 'Do you know the name Edward Carpenter?', sadly but confidently expecting the answer 'no'.

Last Friday's audience knew his name all right, thanks to the work of feminist and gay historians and Sweatshop who've made us familiar with the story of this upper middle-class man, destined for the Church (curate once to F.D. Maurice), who 'dropped out' in the 1880s to live and campaign with working-class men in and around Sheffield. Many of us feel deeply affectionate towards him, even a little proprietorial. Hardly surprising, given that he had the courage to live openly with his working-class lover, George Merrill, and to publish on 'homogenic' love throughout those decades when the hysterical terror of male homosexuality was at its height.

But understandable though the temptation to gay chauvinism is, it has to be resisted if only because it does so little justice to a man who disliked the more-oppressed-than-thou game and reiterated constantly the intricate web of interdependencies — between men and women, adults and children, humans, animals, plants and elements — which together make Life. It's not just gays and feminists who've rediscovered Carpenter recently. 'Greens', also, are returning to his work, much of which anticipates the arguments and aims of the peace movement, the ecology lobby and animal liberation.

OLDER SOCIALISTS, and those to whom an older socialism speaks more persuasively than prevailing models, have never forgotten him. Fenner Brockway, then the younger editor of the ILP's *Labour Leader*, met him in the first decade of this century when he'd already accepted *Towards Democracy*, Carpenter's 500-page poetic manifesto, as 'my Bible'. Like many other young socialists of the time, he found the older man an ever present support and inspiration in battles against social injustice and increasing militarism. For Brockway, Carpenter remains 'the most all-embracing person I've ever met or read about . . . His eyes seemed to penetrate one's soul and become part of it . . . There are no politics in *Towards Democracy*, but it expressed ideas which many of us were feeling of identity with the spirit of the universe.

Bibles, souls and spirits of the universe? This, you will swiftly realise, is not the current language of the TUC, nor parliamentary exchanges, nor yet selection committees, all of whom seem to feel safer with the more tractably quantifiable. And bad cess to all of them, was the message coming clearly from Friday's platform. Brockway, saddened that today's young socialists cannot understand why *Towards Democracy* could ever have held such significance for him, still says 'I have a feeling if democratic socialism is to triumph in the world, we must get back the kind of spirit which Edward Carpenter represented.' Dora Russell declares roundly, 'if we love each other in the generous and bounteous way he expresses, there is some hope. Without it there is very little hope for the world and very little which will make it possible for us to survive into a future.'

Volunteers, please, to get 'Love' tabled on the next Labour Party Conference agenda?

Alison Hennegan

Alison Hennegan was Literary Editor of Gay News *and now works for the Women's Press.*

*Edward Carpenter: Selected Writings: Volume 1: Sex, *with an introduction by Noël Greig, is published by Gay Men's Press at £17.50 and £5.95.*

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FEW CHANNELS W
ONE OF THESE, LET A

Wednesday 5th September. Gloriana.
The English National Opera Company with their recent triumph in America; Benjamin Britten's spectacular opera about Queen Elizabeth I.

Wednesday 12th September. Punch & Judy.
Harrison Birtwistle's opera of desire and aggression, directed by David Freeman and described as "a vivid and violent post-Freudian melodrama," marks the composer's fiftieth birthday.

Wednesday 19th
The first chance for British
controversial production of Ph
Gandhi's life and

Wednesday 10th October. Broken Blossoms.
A striking melodrama from D.W. Griffiths in 1919. Lillian Gish touchingly portrays life in slummy Limehouse. The original score by Louis Gottshalk is conducted by Carl Davis.

Wednesday 17th October. A Woman of Affairs.
A 1928 Garbo film never screened before. The story in which she goes from man to man (including Douglas Fairbanks Jnr.) is taken from a popular twenties novel. With new Carl Davis score.

Wednesday 24th
Rossini's enchanting opera
Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, starring

Wednesday 21st November. The Mabinogi.
Caernarvon Castle is the grand setting for this film of Welsh pre-Arthurian legends, combining dancers, actors and local people in a pageant with music by Robin Williamson and 'celtic reggae' by Geraint Jarman.

Wednesday 28th November. Starwashed.
The surreal cabaret and fringe theatre group "The People Show" appear with guest star Julie Covington, in a rueful fable of tattered vaudevillians.

Wednesday 5th
Tony Palmer's controversial f
Virginia McKenna, sets facts
extracts f

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OULD DARE SHOW LONE ALL OF THEM.

nber. Satyagraha.
:es to see Stuttgart Opera's
ıss's hypnotic opera based on
of non-violence.

Wednesday 26th September. The Wind.
An original print of the silent film that made Lillian Gish famous. Life on a Texan prairie is so sharply portrayed you can feel the wind and taste the endless dust. With new Carl Davis score.

Wednesday 3rd October. Show People.
King Vidor's 1928 malicious and satirical comedy of Hollywood. Starring Marion Davies in an amusing parody of Gloria Swanson. With new Carl Davis score.

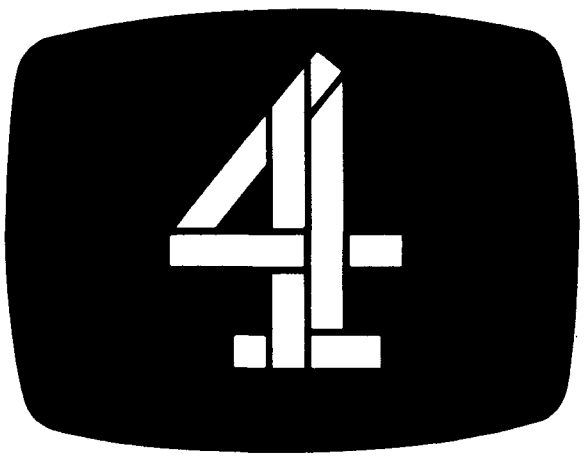
er. La Cenerentola.
:erella sensitively filmed by
·licious Frederica von Stade.

Wednesday 31st October. Baryshnikov by Tharp.
Three pieces specially choreographed by Twyla Tharp for Mikhail Baryshnikov and his American Dance Theatre, climaxing in Sinatra Suite, a setting of Sinatra's greatest songs.

Wednesday 14th November. West.
Enfant terrible of theatre Stephen Berkoff has adapted his highly successful "West" a contemporary epic about London gangs in mock-Shakespearian conflict, with dazzling video effects.

ember. Puccini.
arring Robert Stephens and
t Puccini's marriage against
urandot.

Wednesday 12th December. Kipling.
Alec McCowen as Rudyard Kipling in Brian Clark's challenging play, initiated by Channel 4. A triumph at London's Mermaid, it opens on Broadway shortly.



Our Autumn Arts season brings you the best of theatre and dance, film classics, virtuoso singers and actors. Enough, surely, to please everyone for at least some of the time.
Performance. 9.00pm Wednesdays.

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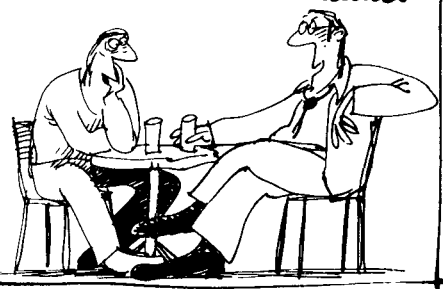
BRETECHER

REST CURE

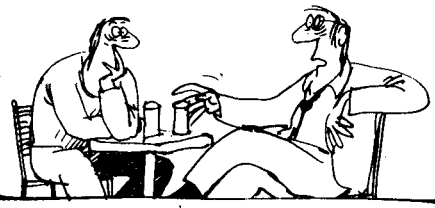
what have you been doing? where did you get that tan?

oh... I've been to Florida...

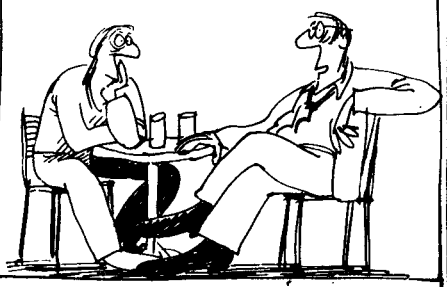


...on a creative management course... the firm paid... but it was fantastic... all in... five star... fabulous

what sort of course was it?

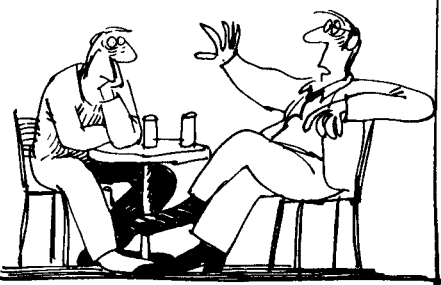


...well the first day was to do with concentration and relaxation and breathing properly...



then you have lunch... then there's a discussion about creativity but very free and flexible... your own VDU and earphones... then you eat.. then you relax...

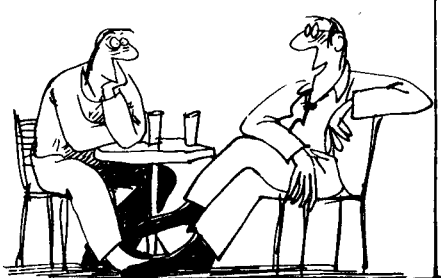
the second day they flash colours on the screen and you say what they remind you of by pressing a button



...for example if it reminds you of a bird you press 'B' and the computer does the rest... then you eat... by the way the food's amazing!

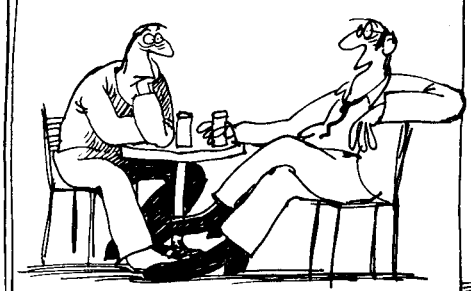
there's a lot going on... they invite all sorts of famous people... it's all very relaxed

you can discuss their ideas with them over dinner....

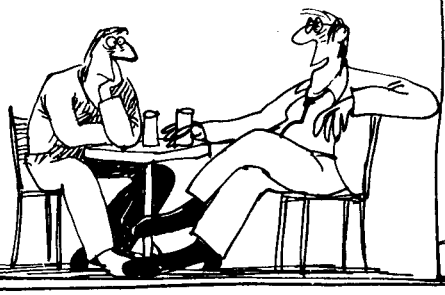


but it's not all work... there's a disco, cinema, theatre, bar, all very well done...

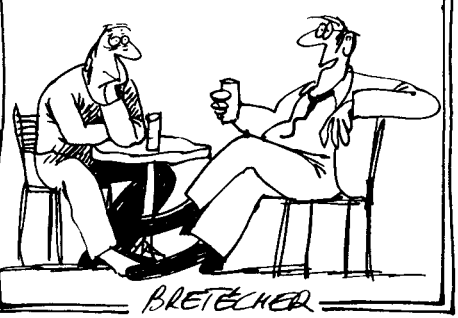
it's all on a private estate... pool, sauna, gym, barbecue, gorgeous women...



it must cost the firm a fortune... but if it helps bring out new ideas that's fine by me



There's only one thing that keeps me going and that's the thought of my holidays



BRETECHER

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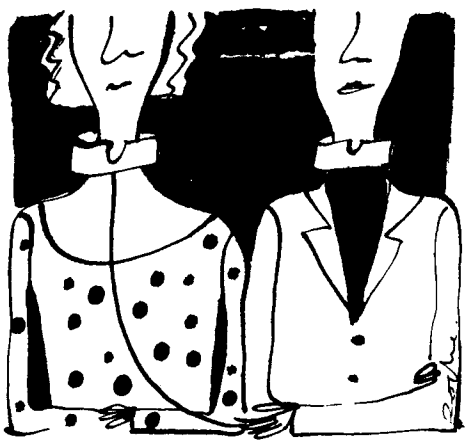
Particles of a wave

Sara Maitland discerns the creative chaos of the fragments of her life as writer, mother, Christian, socialist and, well, read on . . .

So I rang the *New Statesman* to discuss this article with its commissioning editor. She wanted me to do something on Faith (on being a Christian; on why God is important to me) in some 'innovative form'. I wanted to do something on why children are such a positive asset to me as a woman writer. I argued forcibly that this had a lot to do with Faith (does it? I wondered panicked). We seemed to be approaching possible agreement. Then she said — you will put in something about being a vicar's wife, won't you? After all it's why most people think of you.



Appalled I terminated the conversation cravenly. Then I felt depressed.

Why? I mean, why so depressed? Partly of course because it is not a nice feeling to be defined by your spouse's job. (Spouse is cheating; men are very seldom defined by their wife's job; this is an issue of sexism.) But . . . I really do not like the image of the 'charming and eccentric artist' however presented; and I feel that it is perceived as suitably batty that I should be a Christian at all, but for a feminist writer to be a Vicar's wife is splendidly part of that way of perceiving writers. I know it is because I do it myself; I play up to the complexities of my own life; I feed on the tremor of surprise I can get just giving my address. But I do not like it. I don't say 'artist' any more; I don't often even say 'writer', I try to say 'worker in cultural production' although I admit that it lies stiff on my public-school-and-Oxbridge educated tongue. I don't believe in the contemporary stereotypes of the 'artist' and I don't think they are useful. I am incidentally a vicar's wife.

○

A quote from Borges: 'Thinking, analysing, inventing are not anomalous acts; they are the normal respiration of the intelligence. To glorify the occasional performance of that function, to hoard ancient and alien thoughts, to recall with incredulous stupor what the doctor universalis *thought, is to confess to our laziness or our barbarity. Every man should be capable of all ideas and I understand that in the future this will be the case.'*

(Should I cheat here and re-translate 'man' as 'person'? I don't read Spanish, so I don't know. It does matter.)

○

Within a matter of minutes, later that evening, I decide i) that I can't/won't write this article; ii) that we will have spaghetti for supper (again); iii) that it will *probably* be safe for my son (aged two) to play with the liquidiser; iv) that as there are 10,789 anglican priests in full-time employment there must be at least 7,252 wives (The Church Information Office to their credit could not be more precise): I am neither representative nor atypical of them; v) that as there are no tinned tomatoes we will have fishfingers for supper instead (again); vi) that my son is so beautiful it would be a pity if he mangled his fingers; vii) that I will write the piece because I need the money more than I need the dignity at this moment. I also read an article that says that women can't be great chess players because they have too many 'interrupt factors' — i.e. they can't concentrate. This may of course be true (although the author did not ask *why* and does not point out that there are very few men great chess players either), but I don't want to be a great chess player so it hardly matters.

○

The other day I went to the post office. I met an elderly woman. She was distressed by the lightning bolt which struck York Minster. Did I think, she asked, that God had done it on purpose, as one of the newspapers had speculated. No, I said, I didn't think so, did she? No she said she did not think God was like that. Then there was a pause and she added with affectionate criticism, 'But he should have been more careful, he should have *known* there'd be talk.' That is my theology exactly (almost exactly because I don't think of God as 'he'). God is not malicious, but careless, extravagant, indiscriminate. I don't base what Faith I have on the feeling of 'what a friend I have in Jesus'; it is more a continual, inescapable sense of the power and the mystery and the danger and the profligacy of it all. I mean *all* from the bizarre goings-on inside each atom — wave function and proton exchange and reverse time — right through to the social complexity of history and class and gender and race and individual experience. The

All drawings: Christian Roche

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Church structures that intellectually and emotionally, both to contain and to reveal it — just as form does in cultural production. I cling to orthodoxy in theology and form in writing. The challenge is to go as near to the edge, as near to the power and the mystery and danger as possible without collapsing into chaos. We need as many counterweights, as many interrupt factors as we can lay hands on. I think it is all one chaos, differently delineated, represented.

○

Today I took the post out into our lovely garden (look, I live in the most delightful seventeen-roomed Victorian-gothic fantasy, with a curved and secret garden and enough space for me not to hear the children crying at night unless I choose to. I love it. I live in it solely and only because I am a vicar's wife. It is not irrelevant.) Both the children are playing under the lawn sprinkler in the bright sunshine. Mildred has reached a place of self-consciousness and does not want to be naked. Adam, like his name-sake, is unashamed. They are pure energy, pure demand and this morning at least pure physical delight. They dance in the water and I am enchanted. I have written before about how their dailiness and demandingness balance and protect me against some of the writing that I do; they weight me down with normality and connectedness and ensure my return from the world of imagination. I have not written about the reverse: how the rigour and challenge of work weights me against their enchantment, against maternal romanticism, passivity and isolated womb-life in the garden.

I examined the post. I have two bills, a set of minutes from a meeting, one circular and two letters from women friends. Both have been reading my new book (*Weddings and Funerals* with Aileen la Tourette. Brilliance 1984). Both want to know, with obvious and touching concern, why I have to write such *horrible* death-pain-and-madness obsessed stories all the time. I look at the children and the flowers in the garden (noting also that I must ring Jean and tell her she can have some roses for the Church this Sunday). They are protection, not distraction. It is because of them, and the bittiness of paper work and bill paying and dreary meetings and driving the parish mini-bus to be serviced, that I can sneak up on the other bits and find beautiful the truly dreadful things that do actually happen. (Over 10 per cent of all known life forms are parasitic; mothers cut up their daughters' genitalia with broken bottles; ordinary 'sane' men beat their wives to pulp and cannot understand there is anything wrong with this. Never mind about bombs and famines and imperialism (though I do mind).)

○

A quote from Annie Dillard: 'I have never understood why so many mystics of all creeds experience the presence of God on mountaintops. Aren't they afraid of being blown away? God said to Moses on Sinai that even the priests, who have access to the Lord, must hallow themselves for fear that the Lord will break out against them. This is the *fear. It often feels best to lie low, inconspicuous, instead of waving your spirit around from high places like a lightning rod. For if God is in one sense the igniter, a fireball that spins over the ground of continents, God is also the destroyer, lightning, blind power, impartial as the atmosphere . . . You get a comforting sense in a curved hollow place of being vulnerable to only a narrow column of God as air.'*

○

The washing machine broke down yesterday, and the man (sic) can't come and fix it until next week. I am trying to learn to remember my dreams, and when I woke up yesterday morning I thought I was getting somewhere, but somehow Adam had managed to shut himself into his bedroom

and started screaming, not in fear which one might have comforted, but in pure bloody bad temper; and this failed to wake the Vicar who slept on sweetly. Also one of the kids from the parish stole some money from the kitchen. And my mother rang up worrying about Mildred's education, which she doubts can happen within the State system. And someone wondered if I could possibly take their TV to the menders (she's old, she's housebound, she needs the TV and I am privileged to have the only car in the parish). And not only this article but another I haven't even started yet are overdue. And I wanted to see a friend of mine who's leaving for six weeks in the USA. And someone who's on a committee I'm on rang up wanting me to bully the chairman (sic), quite rightly as it happens, but she said, 'But Sara you're so good at being rude to people.' And . . . and . . . And it is impossibly hard to accept that these are useful incursions into my time/space. If it is mine.

The poet Helen Sands said to me once in an interview that giving birth was, for her, like being God. I thought she meant the power and the sense of creating something, but she said, 'No, no. I mean it is just being *now*; you're just doing totally what you're doing. I think that must be it — the totalness of it. Being the centre of the world — and that is how we could be all the time, presumably, but we're not. But this act is just not being distracted anywhere else; and being totally in yourself, being totally present to what is happening. And it is mysterious. This mysterious life you are going to meet, that is going to come out of you. It's a great work that has to be done, I mean it isn't just on a plate, this great work that has to be done to give birth, this "groaning and travail".

And it is funny because it is ordinary too . . . it was just ordinary, we were just doing a job — and that in itself was whatever was needed.'

○

One of the novices in our local, Anglican, convent took her vows last week. (An Art form if ever there was one in 1984.) The Vicar and I spent the night before creating a full nun's habit out of felt and cord, to fit over a Gordon's Gin bottle to give her as a present (a very creative act: the form imposed by the historical circumstances within rigid boundaries, only the interpretation to be discovered). We were tickled at the result and pleased with ourselves and her. Professions — the formal taking of vows — are not that common these days (far less common than being a Vicar's wife, producing a baby or a novel). It was a lovely ceremony. I really wanted to ask her if she embraced the structures of religious life as a way to limit the amount of God that crashed in on her, or if the formal requirements were a way to find space to reveal her own truth. I also wanted to ask her how far I was allowed to use her experience. Perhaps I will ask her sometime. Later the same day I went out to have a drink with a friend. How, I asked her, does she structure her life, what creates the boundaries, what keeps her power and her energy channelled. At first she was baffled by the question, then she said, 'Sex'. We grinned. But that was real, a real part of it all. Before I had the children and started writing for a living I used to sew a lot — tiny, detailed petit-point. In her book *Gender and Writing* Michelene Wandor noted the same thing: when she went back to college and temporarily stopped imaginative production she took

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up embroidery. Once Mildred was born, once Michelene finished her degree, we stopped. The desire evaporated. People jog, play musical instruments, cook meals, work their gardens, make love, dye their hair, get up in the morning. Too often these things are called 'hobbies', a derogatory term: only if they conform to certain structures, certain mythologies, are they called Art and the 'artists' are glorified, iconised. And then they are cut off, isolated. Not knowing the boring dailiness of creative activity they have to put all that into their work and you get trite mysticism or dreary old social realism again. The same thing happens to too many mothers as a matter of fact: iconised and isolated. Alcohol/valium; eccentricity/depression; recluse/badtempered nag; Bohemian/hysterical — they look suspiciously alike. These things have to belong to more people, and individuals have to have access to more of them.

So I got drunk and went home to bed.

○

The cover proof for my new novel arrived. I gloated over it. (Once again however it includes a delightful picture, chosen by me, of me looking charming and fey in a hat and the inevitable information that I am married to a Vicar.) But I liked it. On the cover is Käthe Kollwitz' picture of The Visitation — Mary's visit to Elizabeth after she gets pregnant. I am pleased by the association of my work with one of the great socialist women illustrators (somehow in all these fragments the socialist bit has got rather lost, but it is a more important label, I think, than the Vicar's wife one). And I'm delighted by the reference to the Visitation, which has a central place in my own iconography. In the strength of that affirmation I stormed upstairs and banged off a furious letter to a supposedly feminist magazine that does not pay its contributors. It pays its printers and its paper suppliers and its distributors, but it does not pay its contributors. It even appeared to boast about this. Because the production collective chooses to iconise the writer as artist, I told them, does not change the fact of exploitation. We are workers, we produce that which is consumed and we do not feed on ether.

○

I have been reading, or trying to read, about the new physics recently. There seem to be tools there for both feminism and theology. I also thought it might discipline my fragmented mind. Instead it has boggled it. Everything seems woolly, imprecise. And I have scared myself. One student complained to his eminent

professor that he did not understand something in the theory and was told, 'Young man, in mathematics you don't understand things, you just get used to them.' That does not seem a very clarifying, radical or transformatory notion. What if it is true? I do not like the idea. I do not like the idea of Heisenberg's 'Uncertainty Principal' either, which says that you cannot simultaneously know where something is and how fast it is going somewhere else. One or the other with precision but not both.

Do I want to make it all too simple? Trying to argue that all the whirling particles are united, do belong to and nourish each other. The fragments of my own life, and my life as a fragment in a larger system. After my son was weaned and I thought I was ready to go back to work I went through a year of the most gruelling depression including the total inability to write anything at all. Before that I had always thought that 'writer's block' meant 'too bloody lazy to get upstairs and work.' It didn't. But if my theory that all the sources of empowerment (politics, childbirth, theology, knitting, productive labour) are the same and feed each other is right, then something was wildly awry that year. Focusing on one 'observable' seems to blur the others. Individual freedoms crash resoundingly into social justice. Emphasising psychological factors seems to paralyse political analysis. Belief in God reduces social responsibility. Yes there is something holy and magical about writing and having babies and sex and religious vows and playing in the garden. And No there is nothing magical about any of them, they are just historical events, culturally determined: production, reproduction and life styles. 'You have to separate in order to unite' the novelist Michèle Roberts once argued with me. But how do you know you can unite it all, when the sum of the separated bits does not add up to the sum of the whole.

○

Once I had some women round for supper and we were all bitching about life and meaning and other high-minded things. Afterwards my daughter said to me, 'I'm not going to be like you lot when I grow up.' I was afraid we had depressed her. 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because you don't know how to make choices.'

○

I do feel that my life is fragmented. I do lots of things — not I am them, but I do them. Mothering, theology, friendship, writing, studying, gossiping, washing-up, driving the mini-bus, vicar's-wifeing, cooking, worrying and politicking. (Nor should you overlook the deliberately and accidentally omitted fragments incidentally.) And I live in a fragmented universe too. But I do not want to be a great Chess Player — they all look quite deranged.

○

There are a range of possibilities.

Are these fragments the splinters of glass in a kaleidoscope which form and reform and make patterns, which although constantly changing are nonetheless organised and pleasing? In which case the more fragments the more refraction and complexity and beauty.

Or: Do women's lives obey the rule of wave/particle duality. 'The language of quantum theory is precise but tricky. Quantum theory does not state that something — like light for example— can be wave-like and particle-like *at the same time*. According to Bohr's complementarity light reveals either a particle-like aspect or a wave-like aspect depending on the context (ie the experiment). It is not possible to observe both the wave-like aspect and the particle-like aspect in the same situation. However *both these mutually exclusive aspects are needed to understand 'light'*. In this sense light is both particle-like and wave-like.' Gary Zukav.

○

Or: Is the whole thing just fragmented chaos? Does the Old Man throw dice? (Two questions, not one.)

○

All these suggestions are only images anyway. □

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Engraved in acid

Jeffrey Meyers

The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield: Volume 1, 1903-1917
ed. VINCENT O'SULLIVAN and MARGARET SCOTT *Oxford* £15

Mark Haddon

MANSFIELD'S LETTERS, like her stories, are among the best written in this century. They are passionate, witty, dramatic, receptive and sensitive, evocative of mood, place and people. Her passive and prosaic friend Ida Baker was 'radiantly content to have a little spare room in our life, and presumably, sew on buttons'. Koteliansky, who loved her, was 'really one of my people — we can afford to be quite free with each other'. Her whining husband Middleton Murry was always about to uncover himself and quiver. Frieda Lawrence was an 'immense german christmas pudding' and actually seemed to thrive upon a beating. Though Katherine was terrified and disgusted when Lawrence threatened to cut Frieda's throat and thumped the big soft woman till he turned green, she could not shut her heart against him and could not help loving the memory of what he had been. With keen perception, Katherine saw 'the strange, trembling, glinting quality' of the mind of Virginia Woolf: 'she seemed to me to be one of those Dostoievsky women whose "innocence" has been hurt.'

This edition, which Margaret Scott worked on for more than a decade, has finally been completed by Vincent O'Sullivan. Though the editing is competent, they have missed a few allusions: the Polish dictionary was for lessons with Floryan Sobienowski; 'stopping a hole to keep the wind away' paraphrases Keith Preston's poem; 'shown me your Kingdom' refers to Matthew 4:8; and Dorothy Brett died in 1977 — not 1937. Most of the 300 letters in this first of four projected volumes were previously published in Katherine's *Letters* (1928), Murry's autobiography *Between Two Worlds* (1935), her *Letters to Murry* (1951) and in journals, memoirs and biographies. But they are now gathered together and nicely complement the *Letters from Murry to Mansfield* (1983).

Katherine was highly critical of New Zealand while she lived there: 'All the firm fat framework of their brains must be demolished before they can begin to learn. They want a purifying influence.' But in adult life she idealised the atmosphere and landscape in nostalgic evocations of childhood. Her selfish parents — her father absorbed in business, her mother in herself — failed to recognise their daughter's genius and did not give her the money and love that she so desperately needed. Her life became a depressing series of domestic, financial, emotional and medical crises. Despite her numerous friends, she suffered terribly from isolation and loneliness. So letters were for her a great occasion, a treat and a solace: 'Oh, Jack, I appeal even to your imagination as a novelist — do not leave me like this without news. It is so cruel — cruel — I weep bitterly as I write.' At once guarded and open, she was, as Lytton Strachey observed, 'an odd satirical woman behind a regular mask of a face.'

Katherine, a talented actress, cautiously warned 'don't lower your mask until you have another mask prepared beneath — As terrible as you like — but a *mask*.' But she loved to expose herself to experience, had a self-destructive streak and was drawn to men who treated her badly. One lover gave her gonorrhoea, Garnett Trowell abandoned her when she was pregnant, Sobienowski blackmailed her, Francis Carco crassly used her, Murry treated her like a dilatory housemaid, neglected her illness and exploited her work after her death.

Katherine, living in a constant state of transition, often found herself 'alone all day, ill, in a house whose every sound seems foreign'. She would despair in the atmosphere of that dreadful world, having no hiding place and no cover. She envied Virginia Woolf's settled life and devoted husband, and pathetically exclaimed to Murry:

> Why haven't I got a real 'home,' a real life — Why haven't I got a chinese nurse with green trousers and two babies who rush at me and clasp my knees — I'm not a girl — I'm a woman. I *want* things. Shall I ever have them?

But Murry could fill neither her material nor her emotional needs: 'You and I still love each other, but you haven't the need of me you had then and somehow I do always have to be *"needed"* to be happy.'

Katherine was attractive, talented and brave. She wrote that when a stranger knocked on the door of her hotel room

> I leapt out of bed — threw my kimono on, and arming myself with a pair of scissors I opened the door — There stood a horrid creature in his night shirt who began mumbling about the wrong door — but he *leered*. Oh I *slammed* the door in his face & walked up & down in my room — furious — I was not at all frightened.

But even these qualities were not enough to sustain her. The great tragedy was that she became mortally ill just as she had mastered her art and begun to write her finest works. She rushed out her mature stories during the last five years of her life and died in 1923 — after a disastrous entanglement with the charlatan Gurdjieff — at the age of 34.

Katherine, who noticed how a hostess moved among the guests 'like a spilt liqueur', was as fastidious as if she wrote with acid. When she managed to sweep away the last veil between herself and the heart of things, she brought all that she saw and felt into harmony with a rare vision of life. Her best stories — 'Prelude', 'Je ne parle pas français', 'The Man Without a Temperament', 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel', 'The Garden Party', 'The Fly' — have the vivid clarity and precise detail of a fine engraving. □

Truth-sayer

Ted Honderich

More of My Life
A.J. AYER *Collins* £12.95

ONCE, IN HIS middle years which are the subject of this book, Professor Sir Alfred Ayer found himself invited by two monsters, Somerset Maugham and Lord Beaverbrook, to be gentle with their shared deep hope. Maugham, in whose villa the Ayers were staying, was 86 and Beaverbrook was 81. Was there perhaps survival after death? Could there be reason, such as might occur to a beholden guest and a philosopher, for contemplating vistas well beyond those of Cap Ferrat and Fleet

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Street? Perhaps the possibility of recognition of earlier achievement? The monsters showed that they did not get the answer for which they had hoped. By the guest's further thought that, *if* one were to take up Christianity, then what would be most logical would be Calvinism and hence the divine predestination of the elect and the lost, Beaverbrook was mollified. Whether Maugham saw so clearly that he too would be among the chosen is not recorded.

The episode was not a large one in the life of Freddie Ayer between the ages of 35 and 53, which he was in 1946 and 1963, but it tells well enough one fact: that he has generally found it necessary, when he speaks, to speak truth by his lights. That rare feature in a worldly man leaves only the option, in challenging circumstances, of not speaking. Does he often do that? In this second volume of his autobiography, he does not slide silently past what I as a friend of later years would guess to have been the hurts of the years recorded here — that there are hurts in great and happy lives will come as a surprise only to very young readers. He does not slide past the question of who voted how and did what in his election to the Oxford chair which he so distinguished, perhaps more than any predecessor. Nor does he slide past the fact of a book of clever ridicule written against him. He does not, however, greatly burden his story with self-reflection, the exhumation of past selves. The least that can be said for that is that it makes a change.

At about the same time as the perturbations at Cap Ferrat, early in 1961, he learned that his old school, Eton, to which he had won a scholarship, had very recently enacted a statute requiring that candidates for scholarships have fathers of British nationality by birth. He extracted from the Provost of Eton, perhaps a man also truth's agent, the admission that the motive was indeed to keep down the number of Jews, by excluding from scholarships the sons of Jewish refugees from Europe. His subsequent campaign did not get the support of likely persons. It was advanced, however, through running into a member of the Macmillan government, Sir Edward Boyle, on the train from Oxford. Supermac's being informed was followed within a fortnight by a press announcement. The Provost and Fellows of Eton were of the intention to change their statute, since it was now out of date.

That episode shows decent principle, which is to say of a Leftward kind, and a satisfactory want of sensitivity of the costs and embarrassments of acting on it. Again no common feature among those with a champagne side. It led him into several good causes and abstentions, but, despite connections with Gaitskell and the like, not far into politics. A pity he was not elected when he was a Labour candidate for Westminster City Council. We and that *galère* would at least have had the distinction of a Philosopher-Alderman. A pity, too, that he did not support Russell on nuclear disarmament, out of a certain realism and also a thought or two about the manipulation of Russell by his secretary, who was indeed a somewhat alarming character.

The book and the life have at least as much passion in them as is consistent with a moderate decorum. It comes into view with the ladies of his life, a quite satisfactory number and assorted, and with his son Nicholas, the subject of the last line of the book. 'My love for this child has been a dominating factor in the remainder of my life.' It comes into view elsewhere. C.E.M. Joad, not wholly averse to being misdescribed as 'Professor Joad' on the telly, and inclined to forget to get a ticket for his railway journeys, was one who announced that the Logical Positivism of *Language, Truth and Logic* led to Fascism. He is not remembered over-kindly.

There is some philosophy in the book, necessarily potted, and a lot more life. Before Oxford, 13 engaging years as professor at University College London; the Brains Trust; America, France, Russia, India, China, Peru, Clapham; bibulous clubs and perilous seminars; Sir Karl Popper resolutely committed to wholly critical discussion, preferably of the ideas of others; Burgess and Maclean; scuffles with Continental deep thinkers; putting Stanley Spencer right about aesthetics; Muggeridge impervious to reason.

Each paragraph is pellucid. When the third volume of this autobiography appears, its author will have done less for letters than for philosophy, but enough to secure futurity. □

Left legends

Bernard Crick

The People's Guide to London
ANDREW DAVIES *Journeyman Press* £2.50

HISTORY, logically speaking, can either mean what happened in the past, which we can never know for sure, or it can mean the methods and the records by which we can know all we can possibly know. But 'history' is also the legend of what we believe happened in the past. And just as the legend of Greece and Rome sustained republican sentiments against autocracy, long before modern democracy, so the legend of 'popular struggles' sustains democratic socialism. By 'legend' or 'myth' I do not mean that these things, or something reasonably like them, did not happen, but simply that the people who retail, share and receive such history do so because they want to, as a matter of moral will, not because they want to know whether and how it is empirically true.

All political movements have their myths or legends: few ideologies escape its permeation. Only a very austere rationalist can see this as a purely Right-wing trait. When the last word is said in the debate between the historians and the structuralists, or to be more concrete between Edward Thompson *et al* and the Althusserians (or have they quietly folded up their empyrean tents and floated down to earth, with a bump?), there can be no doubt that tradition is important to the Left. It seemed to me, for instance, both politically inept and historically imperceptive for the new Labour Group in Edinburgh to attempt to abolish the ancient office of Lord Provost. Most of their supporters would have taken great delight in seeing the civic regalia used by socialists; and I (to cut this preface short) am simply not convinced, epistemologically, semiotically or in any other way, why shot-silk and ermine diminish the fire in the socialist belly. William Blake and Robert Burns would have thought the contrary, glorying to prophecy that one day common people would seize the symbols of civic power.

So, just as Radicals and Socialists have written about 'noble lives' and 'popular struggles', topography too can play it's solid part. The mere evocation of some place-names (not many, in fact) warms the blood like wine. And, beyond the few Peterloos and Tolpuddles, there are many mundane areas of old London that can gain a new significance if we read who once lived in Cheapside or Clerkenwell Green; or, starting from the other end, if we take a pedestrian peregrination (a walk is too humble) past all of Marx's lodgings. Therefore I have long thought that a book such as this would not merely be pleasant to make, but was needed. However, Andrew Davies has beaten me to it. What can I say?

Good luck! This is a nice little book that everyone should possess. I'll gladly give that quote to Journeyman because it is fun, and because, as popular history, I like his recent Pluto *Where Did the 1940s Go?* And I like the spirit of a man who is working on a history of 19th-century popular theatre (whose radicalism certainly kept its audience more than our introverted anti-theatre). But let me now construe what I mean by 'nice little book'.

It is a small paperback, about 7½ by 4½ inches, only 86 pages (including a map of the London Underground — for God's sake *walk*!); and about half the space is illustrations and captions, very small and poor quality, if well chosen and overall nicely designed. The text is really very minimal and limited to great and obvious events. Andrew Davies has either sussed out that most socialists, like everyone else, don't do all that much heavy reading nowadays, or this is really meant for that heroic artefact, the intelligent socialist sixth-former in ILEA schools. Good luck to them too; they need it.

I had hoped for something a little more comprehensive and definitive, in the manner of the old antiquarian radicals whom Edward Thompson and Raphael Samuel read by candlelight. But it is a beginning, let's not be grudging, and it leaves the path open for heavier traffic. Part of Andrew Davies's difficulty may be that, in seeking for a popular audience, he mentions only events that have some evocative power already. But even that is difficult. I remember that, having been asked by the *Observer* (then under different management) to write something big, serious and commemorative on Magna Charta in June 1965, I tried to repeat the intellectual and economic coup in 1967 by suggesting a piece on the Reform Bill of 1867 which, after all, created modern democratic politics, not the more famed Act of 1832 which simply rationalised the property franchise (actually taking away manhood suffrage where it existed, notably in Westminster, the City, Middlesex and some of the Yorkshire seats). They did not think that their readers could see its importance. Unlike the French, British radicals have so little sense of historical legend or national festival.

Also ideas of what is radical shift. Many of the Victorian struggles for civil liberties were in a

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religious context. Now secularism is so common that either Mr Davies is tone deaf to religion or assumes his readers are. His bibliography does not list, for instance, that old Rationalist book of 1932, William Kent, *London For Heretics*, which the original covers described as 'the walks of an enthusiast through homes and haunts associated with religious and political heterodoxy'. Lost marvels are therein listed. The Temple of Humanity, off Lambs Conduit Street, containing busts of all the great freethinkers amid secular incense, existed until 1939 at least. The Ethical Church, Bayswater (long gone) had a stained-glass window showing George Bernard Shaw, Anatole France and St Joan, etc, etc. Oh, the piety of secularists and the old Labour church. And it is quite inexcusable, as reviewers say, to have nothing to guide the young radical to Bentham's auto-ikon (i.e. his stuffed cadaver) or discussion of why he ordered this; nor of the founding and history of the South Place Ethical Society, long a pillar of both free thought and 'the new politics'. Both of these he would have done well to have lifted, in the usual manner of guide books, straight from William Kent. □

FICTION

Fall out

Grace Ingoldby

Mr Noon
D.H. LAWRENCE, ed. LINDETH VASEY
Cambridge £12.95
Democracy
JOAN DIDION *Chatto* £8.95
In Love and Trouble
ALICE WALKER *The Women's Press* £7.50 & £2.95
The Fabulous Englishman
ROBERT McCRUM *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
The McGuffin
JOHN BOWEN *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95

'I CAN SEE no sounder ground for a permanent marriage than Johannas' . . . three times in a quarter of an hour and so *well*,' says Lawrence in the 'discovered', unadulterated and thoroughly annotated **Mr Noon**, a thinly veiled story of Lawrence and Frieda in love.

Discursive, peppered by self-conflict and appeals to the 'gentle reader, gentle critic', the novel, unfinished, fails to gell — yet Lawrence emerges as grand as ever, courageous, a big, unsophisticated struggler in a world of cringers who dare not lay it on the line. 'God I don't want to sup life with a spoon! I'd rather go lean-bellied till I'd caught my bird': a fighter whose women are physical, ignoble, far from spiritual doves. 'Away with your stodgy and suety peace,' he dares, 'Magdalen had only one fall and that was when she fell to feet washing.'

The face of American **Democracy** sports a fixed grin, a smile that Inez Victor, the candidate's wife, knows quite a bit about. When questioned on the toll of her life beneath the spotlight, she is reported as saying: 'One loses certain details along the way.' What she *actually* said was that it felt 'like you'd had shock treatment', but her statement, like her face, is rearranged by experts before it's put out for the press. Joan Didion gets as close as possible to Inez through a collation of sightings, details, clips about her children, husband Harry, lover, family in Honolulu, and Billy Dillon, the fixer, a political agent who moves with soapy ease among them all, 'managing situations' for Harry.

When the folks in Honolulu overstep the mark Billy is in his managerial element. Inez's father 'offed' a congressman and — almost incidental this — his other daughter Janet is now stuck in the limbo of the not yet 'technically dead'. 'Trot out the smile and move easily down the cabin,' urges Billy as they fly down to sort things out. The novel's clipped, horribly authentic prose is loaded: 'There's considerable feeling down here that we can contain this to an accident,' says Janet's husband. 'Death is not necessarily an either/or situation,' says the doc. The gap between how you express yourself and what you have become narrows all the time; the 'details' Inez has lost track of are those of 'normal' behaviour, spontaneous response. An impressive book, less obvious and more urgent than it first appears. Didion presents the facts: deliberate obfuscation of language, corruption, tragedy played right down. 'Make what you can of this,' she seems to say; only translate.

Love leads to trouble and often ends in blood in Alice Walker's marvellous collection, **In Love and Trouble**, set in the deep, black, rural South where she was born. After Didion's sophisticated white chill, Walker's characters appear passionate, if not frenzied. The rumour in the beauty parlour — 'Your old man's puttin' something over on you sweets' — sends Jerome's fat, oily wife into paroxysms of misplaced jealousy. First she tries to be 'sexy and stylish, and was in her fashion, with a predominant taste for pastel taffetas and orange shoes'; later she goes out with a knife. Another married woman turns to a chain-saw when her lover goes off with her life's work: 'If he says one good thing about what I've written, I will go to bed with him,' she thinks, 'How else could I repay him? All I owned in any supply were my jars of cold cream.'

Miss Walker gets right to the quick of the character and situation, funny and sad and remarkably unsentimental in her tribute to her roots. Astringent rather than bitter, she takes a jab too at the patronising, fashionably black daughter who returns home with an African name to take polaroids of Ma and Sis on the porch and waltz off with their quilts to hang on her walls: 'Maggie can't appreciate these quilts, she'd probably be backward enough to put them to everyday use. It's really a new day for us but the way you and Mama live you'd never know it.'

The travelling in **The Fabulous Englishman** is essentially from 'was' to 'is'. Christopher Iles was a 'me decade' man, a Sixties hero 'famous for 15 minutes', photographed in various 'sod you! poses', wined, dined, screwed, feted for the semi-autobiographical novel that put his generation on the map: 'I always carry pot with me, in my free state it's legal: but I write like I breathe: stoned or not.' Predictably enough the love-and-peacenik is now pouchy-eyed and withered, 'stunned into silence' by rejection slips and compromise. Now working as a copywriter he lives in Wandsworth with wife and kids, 'the friends AI/BI, our progressive metropolitan tastes . . . subsidised theatre, supermarket wine, art movies' and only sustained by a long-standing correspondence with a bookseller in Prague, which turns to illusion when he gets close enough to touch it. In his attempts to come to terms with a lost girl and his own legend, Christopher is an easy victim to parody, but McCrum is obviously fond of him and his narrator is sycophantic rather than debunking. McCrum is good on detail and the impressionable Christopher is more to be pitied than mocked; as he says, 'History has been cruel to my generation,' and compromise is as painful as gout.

A **McGuffin** is Hitchcock's term for the object in any film which gave his principle characters their motive for action; in the book of this title, Paul Hatcher gets hold of it by mistake. Paul, a film critic, is easily persuaded that the view from his kitchen window, 'two women and an alsatian dog . . . one of the women is frightened and the other is not a woman' looks fishy. An overdose of film chichés (in this instance *Rear Window*) gets Paul into trouble — a small man, but not quite the gullible idiot, forced to puzzle things out for himself in a big, bad world. 'The police rarely beat to death senior citizens of the upper-middle-class in their own homes if only because it would be hard to prove in court that an arthritic and potentially litigious old lady actively resisted arrest.' The charm of the novel is Paul, still thinking in fiction as the rope is tightened: 'With one bound, Jack was free!' □

Rough sketch

John Spurling

Kenneth Clark
MERYLE SECREST *Weidenfeld* £12.95

MERYLE SECREST begins her biography with the newly-appointed 30-year-old Director running up the steps of the National Gallery on New Year's Day 1934. Three pages and four-and-a-half years later, with the help of a remark in a letter to his mother-in-law about approaching the middle of his allotted span, she has contrived a comparison between the freshly knighted and much lionised Kenneth Clark and the middle-aged Dante in his dark wood at the opening of *The Inferno*. The momentum and instant readability of the biography are sustained by this harsh contrast between the fairytale success of the public man and the sad, squalid, humiliating, sometimes infernal events that beset his private life.

Clark (always known as K) gave a memorable and humorous description of his Edwardian childhood in the first volume of his

Contd on p. 34

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Shorter reviews

The View from Christopher Street: Journalism from America's Leading Gay Magazine
ed. MICHAEL DENNENY, CHARLES ORTLEB, THOMAS STEELE *Chatto* £5.95

To begin with the ingratitude: there's a piece about London here by someone who appears to have carried a mirror across the Atlantic, looked in it and returned home. There are no publication dates for any of the essays, an extraordinary omission when we wish to know the exact month an impression was formed, a perception gained, an interview obtained.

There's nothing from the women who have written for *Christopher Street* in the 12 years or so of its existence. The introduction explains that, though male readers 'were quite interested and enthusiastic about the work of women writers . . . the women had little interest in the work of the men'. So it came about that 'the magazine was, by and large, never able to win the loyalty of women readers, and the women on the staff slowly drifted away'.

What are we to think about that? Lesbian and gay male writers and readers 'did not share a world in common', proposes the introduction. It bids fair to be the most interesting sentence in the book. But the male writers to whom the collection is confined scarcely explore it, other than in a cry of pain from a former editor of *The Advocate* anguished by a feminist attack on gay men's way of life.

Now for the gratitude. It's a publishing scandal of the UK that there never was, and now seemingly never will be, a collection of writing from *Gay News* (1972-83). Where was Chatto (where *is* Chatto) as a British house when British gay journalism is concerned? But at least, not a small mercy, they *have* brought us this, the occasional work of some of the most distinguished out gay men in America. It's parochial, but then that parish the USA is as vast in influence as in geography. Whether I wish to be or not I'm largely formed, as are nearly all gay men of my acquaintance, by the outburst of political fury and cultural energy which, in 1969, followed a three-day battle between queens and cops at the Stonewall bar in New York's Christopher Street, after which the magazine and this collection are named. Here's much of our history, flares of light in the dark.

Andrew Lumsden

Automatic Vaudeville: Essays on Star Turns
JOHN LAHR *Heinemann* £8.95

Fame, the stiff price of seeking and possessing it, is the theme that unifies most of the pieces in *Automatic Vaudeville*. Essay after essay, culminating in the compendious 'Notes on Fame', charts the emotional and artistic impoverishment induced by 'stardom': Noël Coward submerging his real self for the sake of his public persona; Eugene O'Neill's obsession with a tragic vision of existence marring his life and labours; Woody Allen's vain attempt to change from wisecracker to wise man . . . 'Hog Heaven: Scenes from Dallas' exposes the same process on a larger scale: spiritual bankruptcy accompanying booming wealth.

Eleven of the 15 pieces concern American subjects, and in nearly all of them another theme can be detected, one dating back to Emerson: the relationship between life and art in American culture. Lahr's proposition is not that his 'star turns' fail to reflect life, rather that they reflect aspects of it all too well, embodying instead of discrediting society's defects. The 'cold elegance' of Stephen Sondheim's musicals 'matches the spiritual pall that has settled over American life'; Hunter S. Thompson 'personifies the restless emptiness of American individualism'; Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne mirror the sybaritic narcissism of California's bourgeoisie . . . Lahr specialises in debunking artists whose work, by dramatising their own personalities, endorses contemporary America's preoccupation with the self, which has overwhelmed its former 'spirit of cooperation and community'. In 'Walt Whitman', he identifies 'Song of Myself' as the origin of such self-advertisement (overlooking the claims of Thoreau's *Walden*). Lahr's ideal is the kind of 'moral art' advocated by the late John Gardner, which promotes 'the antidote' rather than 'the sickness'.

Automatic Vaudeville is a collection of trenchant appraisals, ungushy tributes (to Leiber & Stoller, Edna Everage and Joe Orton) and a single demolition job (on Didion and Dunne). The appraisals show Lahr at his finest.

David Montrose

The Royal Bastards of Medieval England
CHRIS GIVEN-WILSON and ALICE CURTEIS *Routledge* £14.95

There seems to be keen interest in the marriage customs and sexual habits of our medieval predecessors. This is the latest contribution to this spate of historical sociology.

Bastardy in the Middle Ages and later apparently had little moral disapproval attached to it. Bastardy related mainly to the laws and conventions of inheritance; the bastard offspring of kings had no automatic rights to inherit their fathers' property or crown, but still were able to do very well for themselves. Much is made of the argument that illegitimate sons were better servants of the crown because they depended entirely on the king's favour. Indeed, there is a suggestion that Henry I may have *wanted* illegitimate children for this reason; also, for their usefulness as pawns to marry into other noble or royal families. It seems, too, that it might have been a way of avoiding some of the consanguinity problems of medieval marriage. (Henry I fathered so many bastards that the authors have to set them out in a tabulated list covering a full page.) Certainly Geoffrey Plantagenet, illegitimate son of Henry II, loyally supported his father in the various insurrections engineered by his four legitimate sons, 'the devil's brood'.

The Beauforts — the four children of John of Gaunt, at first illegitimate but later declared legitimate when their parents married — were 'virtually a second royal family in fifteenth century England'. But the fullest and most interesting description is undoubtedly of Arthur Plantagenet (c.1461-1542), son of Edward IV and last of the medieval royal bastards. Much more is known about his later years than about all the other bastards put together because of the Lisle Letters, his voluminous correspondence while governor of Calais.

Unfortunately, the authors were unable to make use of Georges Duby's new book, *The Knight, the Lady and the Priest*, recently reviewed in these pages. More seriously, they have provided no footnotes, a lack which badly undermines a work of scholarship claiming to be the result of original research in primary sources. A good bibliography for further reading is provided, but one misses the precision of scholarly documentation.

Sarah Lawson

World Labour Report. *Volume 2*

This new volume methodically examines the major areas of social policy and practice. It covers: labour relations; trade unions and employers' organisations; freedom of association; industrial relations, training for employment; working conditions and women workers.

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The trend towards reducing working hours has been steadily growing, particularly since it has been suggested that it could help deal with the serious problem of unemployment. The author outlines the theses and arguments from before the Second World War with regard to the potential effects of a reduction in working time. The diversity of views expressed shows how complex the problem is and that there are numerous implications. These implications – for the individual, the establishment and the community as a whole are examined.

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Profession: Journalist, *by G. Bohère*

This study on the working conditions and other aspects of the life of those who handle current news on a daily basis, i.e. news agency and daily newspaper journalists in the printed and audiovisual media, looks into how the lives of such journalists have been affected by profound transformations in recent years in communications and information. It goes on to examine what kind of journalist will be needed in the future and what adaptations they will have to make in their working methods.

ISBN 92-2-103531-X £7.75

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autobiography with its Dantesque title, *Another Part of the Wood*. He was the only child of rich and idle parents. His father — heir to the Clark cotton fortune — was an amiable eccentric and alcoholic, his mother an inhibited and colourless person. Neither cared to see much of their child, whose loneliness in the vast spaces of their Suffolk estate was assuaged by an adored Highland governess and a precocious love of art (from about the age of seven he would rearrange the hanging of the pictures at Sudbourne Hall once a month).

The drunkenness of his father and the embarrassment and emotional blockage caused by it and by his mother's coldness were not concealed in K's autobiography, but when it came to the major tragedy of his life, his beautiful wife Jane's inability to put up with their children at close quarters and her subsequent decline into alcoholism, he wrote only of 'ill-health'. Meryle Secrest supplies the details of what K called 'tumbling' and which he resolutely refused to recognise publicly as anything amiss, though 'Jane was said to have fallen down at more embassies than any other woman in London'. Secrest also reveals — without going into much detail — rather more about 'the occasions in my life where friendship has turned into love' and the 'trouble of a kind which I need neither specify nor describe,' as K coyly refers to his many love affairs in the second volume of his autobiography, *The Other Half*.

K cooperated with his biographer, as did his family and friends, and allowed her unrestricted access to his files and letters, but he never gave written permission for quotations from his papers and this was withheld after his death. The result is that although the facts are there the chapter and verse are not. Secrest, again entering an area deliberately closed off by her subject in his autobiography — 'I have no aptitude for self-analysis, and when I try to examine my character, I soon give up in despair' — goes in for a certain amount of simple psycho-analysis. She is not entirely insensitive and one glimpses a person through the briskly journalistic style. But the outlines of the portrait are coarse and, because of the restriction on quotation, there is nothing like enough of the man's own mind and voice to clarify and energise the image. As for Jane Clark, she plays the bad fairy's role in the story and Secrest makes little attempt to give depth or continuity to a character whose children report that 'I flinched when she touched me . . . She was as bad as mad persons', but whose friend Henry Moore saw her as 'kind and warm-hearted and outgoing. She had the human touch'.

K was not only a success as an administrator, socialite, lecturer, popular writer and TV personality. His eye, his enthusiasm, his originality as a thinker and the swift, smooth flow of his writing style made him one of the greatest advocates for art and its humanising effect that this country has produced. This biography is more a contribution to gossip than to understanding. It is like a person with a shovel exposing the newsworthy parts of a Roman pavement. The site has been disturbed, but someone else will do the serious, painstaking job of revealing and reconstructing the whole complex pattern. □

Marriage at risk: Victor Bannerji and Swatilekha Chatterji in Ray's *The Home and the World*

FILMS

Another time, another place

John Coleman

The Home and the World (U)
Academy Two
Cal (15)
Warner
Racing with the Moon (15)
Plaza

IN A MORTAL week for cinema there have been the deaths of Yilmaz Güney, whose first freed and French-based 'own' work *The Wall* had just arrived in London, and of a delicious, delicate actress Jennifer Kapoor — probably better known to most as Jennifer Kendal and most lovingly remembered for her exquisite performance as an Anglo-Indian spinster who suddenly glowed in *36 Chowringhee Lane*, getting a wicked charge of merriment from the amorous freedom of a couple she lent her flat to for afternoon dalliance. A deeply dull irony finds her briefly on screen in Satyajit Ray's *The Home and the World*, as a genteel teacher who gets beaten up, passing through the household of a wealthy East Bengali family somewhere around 1907, but not before she has taught to the wife, Bimala (Swatilekha Chatterji), the song 'Long, long ago' which is to echo throughout this strange occasion.

Ray, to keep the record straight and my filmic holdings in order, is one of the very few absolute masters of a bastard art, ranking in my pantheon beside Jean Renoir as someone who both instinctively and intelligently controls all the angles: he creates on camera. And, outdoing Renoir in this, he has generally written not merely the words but the music as well. *The Home and the World* is a long-steeped project of his, an adaptation of a Tagore novel he began toying with back in the late 'Forties. I haven't read the book and Ray has intimated with the acerbity accordable to great talents that anyway, however hard we try, we non-Indians inexorably miss much of the nuanced ritual and deviations from it implicit in the higher fictions and films emanating from, say, Bengali culture.

Of course, there is a gap here and one which I suggested many years ago (the spur may have been Ray's superb *Charulata*) meant that we had to learn to take Ray's time, not our own. But this latest film does seem very long (it is, at 140 minutes), a labour of love that has waned a shade en route to fruition. A terribly decent estate-owner, Nikhil (Victor Bannerji), finds himself trapped historically and sympathetically by a political conflict created by Lord Curzon's gambit of divide-and-rule in Bengal. This gentle-eyed Nikhil causes disarray by freeing his wife Bimala from the women's part of his big house, not only leaving her space to roam domestically but deliberately harbouring one Sandip (Soumitra Chatterji), a young and reckoned agitator for the Swadeshi movement which is out to stop partition, boycott British goods and wreak wholesale havoc. Not unnaturally, bored Bimala is taken by this local hero, part of some weird fidelity-test her husband appears to be exposing her to. It becomes an eerie contest between wimp and

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shit, where Tagore and presumably Ray intended something more substantial. There is a tremendous amount of gabble, eye-play and by-play in orange-to-ochre-lit interiors, a suffocation of wills and won'ts.

Against this reluctant irritation one must set an appreciation of great sharpnesses. For instance, there is the way bewildered Bimala, the wife shoved into an equivocal couple of causes, is regarded by Soumendu Roy's camera: grey-edged with uncertainty, tinted with a rough kind of happiness, a Jacobean and head-on freak of a mask when the invited intruder makes his financially sexy swoops on her. Hard to tell who or what is giving the performance — the actress or the lens. And there are some potently telling jokes, the funnier for being unexpected: about English cigarettes, the incomprehension of a bitchy sister-in-law, even that early, now sad stuff of Miss Gilby's English lessons. Satyajit Ray shows his mastery in dozens of swift, penetrating glimpses. He has soberly, up to a point, fulfilled a long-standing chore. But, my word, and I used it earlier, 'Jacobean' — what grotesquerie this fiction fetches when its guard slips. Or is this once again a purblind Englishman failing to read Indian innuendo, dropping Ray's proffered catches? The writer-director-musician-draughtsman remains my idol.

Another translation from a book that somehow slipped by me (they tell me a very fair novel by Bernard MacLaverty) is Pat O'Connor's **Cal**, shaped for the screen by its author and tenderley directed, when it is not coming on with all the false-ferocity and pacy editing of a telly commercial. Any film situated in Ulster is likely to arouse mingled feelings. This somehow sets out to appease them. Whether that is to its credit you might sort out for yourself during a viewing, which is recommended. Cal (starved-looking newcomer John Lynch) is an unemployed Catholic lad who lives with dad in a Protestant housing estate in a town near Belfast. What neither of them wants is trouble, or The Troubles. They get a sick time of it, nonetheless: filling the bath with water overnight fails to prevent their house being burnt down and dad going barmy. Some accounts of this enthralling little film have implied that it straddles a fence. Perhaps, but there is barbed-wire on the top of it.

Cal falls for a woman, Marcella (Helen Mirren), whose RUC constable husband he unfortunately helped to kill a year earlier, driving the killer's car. There is a substantial amount of street-ugly material (graffiti, posters) and an ever-present sense of menace. This is no tourist's Northern Ireland. Where the movie goes wilfully, woefully adrift is in the corniness with which it treats the sexual coming together of young Cal and the Marcella he helped to widow. Bloody flashbacks are inserted into their coupling; but it didn't look like anguish from where I sat: more like cute.

An accusation that can be levelled at Richard Benjamin's **Racing with the Moon** with steadier composure. This juvenile composition — about the traumata of a pair of kids, buddies of '42, as they await call-up — has its moments and a very engaging girl who looks like an attractive Judy Garland when she is permitted the chance: she (Elizabeth McGovern) grabs it. □

ROCK

Bop music

Barney Hoskyns

IT'S THE END OF A long, sticky summer and not a great deal is cooking besides the obligatory dance beats. The charts stink either of plastic white soul like Spandau Ballet's 'I'll Fly For You' and George Michael's sickly No.1 'Careless Whisper' or of holiday camp knees-up romps — Elton John's 'Passengers', Black Lace's vile 'Agadoo'. You'd have to be some kind of born-again robot swimming-instructor to bop to this stuff.

A significantly high climber is the compulsively irritating 'Dr Beat', by Miami Sound Machine, a Hispanic conga-pounding disco novelty straight out of 1978, immaculately produced, sublimely retarded. 'Dot-dot-dot-dot-doctor Beat', niggles its needling, wheedling chorus. It's that time of year.

There's harder stuff about if you look for it. Soca in particular is finding a nice niche in the dancer's psyche, prompted by last year's near-hits 'Hot Hot Hot', by Arrow, and the superior 'Lorraine', by Explainer. Soca is the heavenly marriage of American soul to Caribbean calypso, making it the perfect holiday fantasy soundtrack. It's most accessible on a compilation like Charlie Gillett's **This Is Soca '84** (Oval), which features both the above classics with five other beauties by the likes of Designer and All-Rounder. Another recent lively release is Chevi's 'Give Me More' (4th & Broadway 12"). If nothing else, it's music to throw up cocktails to.

A few islands away, a single figure seems to be dominating the Jamaican music scene. He is Frankie Paul, blind in one eye but blessed with what is arguably the toughest reggae larynx since Dennis Brown, upon whom more than a few of his gruffly nasal mannerisms are modelled. Paul has risen up from the tiny High Times label to work at Channel One studio with the brilliant Henry 'Junjo' Lawes on such hymns to irie females and sinsemilla as 'Pass The Tu-Sheng Peng' (Greensleeves) and the latest pre-release 'Dem A Talk 'Bout' (Arrival).

Harder-hitting is his Scientist-mixed side of **Showdown Vol. 2** (Empire), one of a series of LPs assembling Channel One's best recent material. Especially vital is 'Worries In The Dance', which, along with Dennis Brown's version of 'Armagideon' and Horace Andy's recent magnificent singles, is the finest example of the new apocalyptic dancehall sound, all skidding ricochet dub and trembling, angry voices. Some whiplash JA discomixes you might add to the prolific Mr Paul's output include Barrington Levy's writhing 'Under Mi Sensi' (Time) and veteran Tony Tuff's more relaxed 'Mix Me Down' (Kaya). It's also interesting to note that British lover's rocker Trevor Walters's slinky 'Stuck On You' (I&S) has been a far bigger hit than Lionel Ritchie's soporific original.

On to the promised land, Africa itself, where Ghanaian guitarist George Darko pumps up the indigenous highlife style of fast, fluid guitar-picking with some slower, chunkier American rhythms on **Hi Life Time** (Oval), one of the year's funkiest fusions so far. The summer LPs I'm still playing are Cameroonian Sam Fan Thomas's **Makassi** (Tamw), light, fast music for the feet and a possible grandparent to Soca, and the wondrously beautiful **Immigrés** by Senegal's Youssou Ndour et Le Super Etoile de Dakar (Celluloid), whose rhythms are more tense and uncertain, but whose voices, almost Arabic in their wailing quality, are far more bewitching.

Finally, reporting from Johannesburg on a tourist visa is Parisian jumble-sale princess Lizzy Mercier Descloux, whose post-*Duck Rock* holiday snaps have been collected for an eponymous first album for CBS. For Descloux (who has previously distinguished herself with a gritty version of Kool & the Gang's 'Funky Stuff'), it's an eccentric excursion and a chance to yelp her bizarre lyrics — 'Queen Of Overdub Kisses' and 'Dolby Sisters, Saliva Brothers', for examples — over the gentle, cajunesque tilt of malabi and mbaqanga rhythms. It's not 'Double Dutch' but it's a very happy noise.

Miami Sound Machine aren't the only thing happening in Geraldine Ferraroland. A choice pick of American dance would have to include Kleeer's 'Intimate Connection' (Atlantic), a cosily seductive Isley Bros. sketch, Chuck Brown & The Soul Searchers' big-band funk stand 'We Need Some Money' (Master Mix) and Shango's pulsating semi-electro marvel 'Shango Message' (Celluloid). Shango is the joint project of, among others, Bronx electro overlord Afrika Bambaata, who has further teamed up with James Brown for 'Unity' (Tommy Boy), a stomping six-part rap epic spliced up with Brown's ever-gutbusting howls and commands. Out, too, is Screamin' Tony Baxter's manic JB tribute 'Get Up Offa That Thing' (4th & Broadway), while on the same label, closer to Bambaata's turf, Run DMC's 'Rock Box' is a black rap essay on that whitest of musical arts, heavy metal, featuring wild guitar arpeggios which would have gone down a storm at the Castle Donnington metal festival I saw a couple of weeks ago, particularly as it was festival star Eddie Van Halen who applied that flaming guitar to Michael Jackson's 'Beat It'.

Right now, though, dance music's premier soundmakers are the Minneapolis duo Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, whose track record already boasts mega-hits for Change and the S.O.S. Band, and whose irresistible beatbox strut is best illustrated not by the latest, rather disappointing S.O.S. LP, **Just The Way You Like It** (Tabu), but by Cheryl Lynn's massive, cascading 'Encore' (CBS), a quite astonishing piece of music. Incidentally, you can give Jam's and Lewis's old boss Prince a miss in his embarrassing film *Purple Rain*. We'll let Malcolm McLaren round out summer's last hours with his preposterous Puccini discomix 'Madam Butterfly' (Charisma 12"), the story of Cho Cho San as told over a hard street beat by Betty Ann White (aria) and Deborah Cole (soul rap). It's a typical piece of McLarenesque vulgarisation, but hardly the outrage he was doubtless intent on perpetrating. A faintly pretty record.

And so on to what Americans call the Fall. □

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OPERA

Barbed

Andrew Clements

Turandot
Covent Garden
Osud/Mahagonny Songs
Coliseum

IT'S A GOOD while since Puccini has appeared in this column, and the reason is quite straightforward. Of all great composers he is the one who induces in me an especial loathing; not for his musical skill or stage craft, both of which are consummate, but for the moral bankruptcy of his plots, for the way in which an unsavoury tale is smothered in sentimentality. For **Turandot**, however, I can make a perverse exception. The plot is at least as distasteful as that of *Tosca* or *Butterfly*, but there is no attempt to disguise its barbarity in sickly sweet harmonies; Puccini brings its cruel world alive with music which carries a real cutting edge, true to himself at last.

All this by way of justifying to myself why the new Royal Opera production seemed to be one of the most thrilling and dramatically satisfying evenings to have come out of Covent Garden in recent seasons. It was first seen during the company's visit to the Los Angeles Olympic Arts Festival in July, and transatlantic intelligence pronounced it a triumph there. For once the hyperbole was justified. Director Andrei Serban and designer Sally Jacobs use a permanent set — tiers of dark, forbidding galleries peopled by the chorus surround the area in which the drama is played out — which enhances the fateful claustrophobia, and in which the startling bright costumes gain a savage intensity. It is a brilliant evocation of imperial China, and one that does not hesitate to use other traditions to make a dramatic point — the tumbling, knockabout trio of ministers are lifted from the *commedia dell'arte*, one of the sources from which the story of the opera was distilled. And, while Serban treats Puccini's precise stage directions with a good deal of licence, there is never the sense that it is wilful rewriting: Turandot's protracted silent confrontation with Calaf before she sings *'In questa reggia'* screws up the tension enormously, while the reappearance of Liu's funeral carriage at the final curtain may be more questionable, but at least serves to underline the appalling image of female servitude that counterpoints the grand romantic finale.

For the first performances at least Serban's scheme was realised by a cast which acted and sang with great conviction. Gwyneth Jones is hardly the most beautifully sustained Turandot one could imagine — the tone comes in gouts, cutting across phrases — but dramatically she is quite compelling, building the second act to an enormous climax. Placido Domingo was by no means in his best voice on the first night, but even at half power sang better than the rest; his Calaf had a generous impulsive spirit. Yet anyone who attends a later performance will get a different Turandot (Ghena Dimitrova replaced Jones after three performances) and one of two other Calafs (Domingo sang only on the first two nights). How such a tightly organised production will survive the changes remains to be seen. The supporting cast, however, is more or less constant: Helen Donath's sweetly musical, small-scale Liu, Gwynne Howell's grave Timur, Robert Tear's careful, gently assertive Emperor. Colin Davis conducts for the last time on Saturday before moving on to prepare for the new *Tannhäuser*; those who know maintain he is not a natural Puccini conductor, but for me he responded to the sometimes Stravinskian sound-world of the score with an incisive, theatrically potent account.

English National Opera's double bill of Janacek's **Osud** and the Brecht/Weill **Mahagonny Songs** is fascinating but only partially successful. The success is undoubtedly the Janacek, his fourth opera (and written after *Jenufa*) which was receiving its British stage première. A concert performance conducted by Simon Rattle at last year's South Bank Summer Music revealed the fine music the score contains, and also the baffling and indulgent nature of the text, full of irrelevancies and suppressed motivation. Even the title, 'Fate' in English, seems arbitrary; it could have been the working label for almost any of Janacek's operas.

The justification for presenting it then lies in the music, and the staging must try to get round the problems as best it can. David Pountney's production settles for a half-real, half-dream conception, akin to his earlier versions of *The Gambler* and Dvorak's *Rusalka*; it works because Janacek clearly anchored his treatment of the story in reality. The passions it generates are real enough, and those are caught well by the principals: Eilene Hannan's self-destructive Mila and, especially, Philip Langridge as the unstable composer Zhivny. Mark Elder conducts, with the sense of the idiom derived from long experience of Janacek at the Coliseum. I just wish I could have understood what was going on.

With the **Mahagonny Songs**, I'm afraid it was all too easy to get the message. Keith Hack has decided to present it as a Dada happening, with the onstage band dressed as clowns, the conductor as ringmaster, and so on. It seems so unnecessary: amid all the jollity the biting edge to the satire is firmly blunted. It is not helped by a cast that, with the shining exceptions of the two women, Sally Burgess and Elise Ross, seemed to think it was singing Gilbert and Sullivan rather than Weill. It's an unhappy beginning to what proves to be a curious yet interesting evening. □

THEATRE

Springes to catch woodcocks

Victoria Radin

Earthy Ophelia (Frances Barber) failing to get much response from Hamlet (Roger Rees)

Rat in the Skull
RON HUTCHINSON *Royal Court*
Hamlet
SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
Fall
JAMES SAUNDERS *Hampstead*

AT LUNCH the other day a visiting American asked a group of us what we thought the ideal theme for a contemporary British play would be and, after a moment's pause (for nobody likes to affirm a cliché), we answered with one voice, 'Decadence.'

Decay, disintegration, loss of hope and faith and passion and purpose: this has been seismographed since the last War, though perhaps never before so exclusively and insistently and boringly. Not a fun subject for a playwright, either: most of them choose only to document it in querulous, journalistic enterprises.

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Northern Ireland, however, being profoundly a taboo area of malaise, has so far proved itself impervious to the trivialising stridency of, say, Brenton, Hare, Barker or Edgar, and it has met its match in Ron Hutchinson's crudely beautiful, and passionate, play **Rat in the Skull**.

Hutchinson's theme is the essential Irishness of both the Catholic and the Protestant Ulsterman, a tribe unknowable by the English. One of his central metaphors — there are several, tactfully integrated and elaborated — is the image of the two kinds of Northern Irishman fighting it out in a ditch, with the guard-dog Englishman nowhere in sight. His work is a plea, entirely between the lines, for British withdrawal, but, as he honours both sides of the Troubles with understanding, so he respects English bewilderment. What he cannot like is indifference and the one character in his quartet of unsavouries who emerges with authorial scorn (though not incomprehension) is a very young English trainee copper, a cynical comfort-seeker, a decadent child of Thatcher.

Hutchinson cleverly uses a version of the courtroom drama to attack his subject from different angles. At Paddington Green police station (one of the roughest copshops in London) a suspected IRA bomber has been beaten up under interrogation. The beating, administered (uncharacteristically) to his face, can't be hushed up and, as the evidence was slender (though real, we are made to believe), the man has gone free after two years of hard detective work. So who did the beating: the young police recruit or the experienced RUC interrogator?

The bulk of the play is a flashback showing how and why Nelson, the RUC man, did it. In the suspect's cell, watched by the bored recruit, who becomes the straight man to his nearly vaudevillian turn, Nelson attempts to break down the suspect's silence through a barrage of insults that takes an historical line on the Troubles (the Sixties could have brought a resolution, but the Protestants lost their nerve), uncovers the gunmen's motivation (fatalistic: historical and economic) but also the Protestants' attitude to it (one of small-minded fear).

Ultimately, as Nelson is himself interrogated (though in a far more kindly fashion) by Harris, the English detective, the author is able to show that it's the English approach to Irishmen ('niggers from the bogs') that has led to Nelson's sudden and belated alignment with Ulster, of which the beating was a suicidal affirmation. When we last see him, outlined against a blazingly technicolour blow-up of an Irish landscape that has replaced Peter Hartwell's sombre design of dark grey and black scaffolding, Roche, the bomber, is coming to get him.

Hutchinson holds us — and I was surprised to be so held and invigorated — in our seats for two hours without an interval not only through the means of suspense, the fascination of watching all these men play cat and mouse with one another, but through a passionate advocacy of language as a means of getting at the truth. Like another Northern Irish-born playwright, Brian Friel, one of Hutchinson's main concerns — and gifts — is language: and its ability to lead, substitute for, deform and vitiate thought. All of his characters have the gift of the gab but (as Friel insisted in *Translations*) the Irish have it most: English, as practised by the English, is ugly and denatured. Max Stafford-Clark's production, which could have flaunted all the coppery, is instead mesmerically restrained and plausible: Colum Convey as the suspect, Gary Oldman as the Cockney wide-boy copper and especially Brian Cox as Nelson, disintegrating before our eyes, turn in powerful performances that couldn't have been bettered.

As the Royal Shakespeare Company seems bent on pursuing its own line on decay in productions such as *Richard III* and *The Merchant of Venice* (not to mention last week's revival of *The Party*) I must applaud Ron Daniels's staging of **Hamlet**, with Roger Rees as the Prince. Both this production and this actor have the virtues of clarity, simplicity and a kind of passion; they believe in the play enough to let it work for them.

The narrative line emerges soundly; there was an golden era (embodied in Richard Easton's truly royal Ghost) which has been broken by Claudius (the huge, occasionally bellowing, Brian Blessed, who resembles a retired filmstar or footballer) and Gertrude (Virginia McKenna, a witheringly well-spoken matron-vamp, such as you might find icily pouring the sherry in a moderately large country house) and which Hamlet, during an uncomfortable period of transition (or decadence) tries to put right before the arrival of Fortinbras (James Simmons, clad in a kind of Jacobean space suit) announces the birth of a new era.

Maria Bjornson's resolutely uniform costumes, all in shades of grey or black, and set of four charcoal stairways with the occasional appearance of a grey balustrade downstage, suggest, like today's fashions, a smoothly armoured world where conformity seeks to hide confusion; which Chris Ellis's lighting turns into a Jacobean *film noir*. Smooth is, however, not the adjective one would ascribe to Roger Rees, and his Hamlet comes over in a different and rather perverse idiom: a grief-stricken whinger (there is ever a tear in his voice) until he receives the command from the Ghost, after which, like the neurotic who comes into his own when his worst fears are confirmed, he takes on some authority. Alas, his wit is not part of that (Rees absent-mindedly mumbles the humour, as if to suggest it's another social duty) nor his madness (which seems always feigned) nor his lust: which gives Frances Barber's earthily intelligent Ophelia nothing much to work with. We have seen the play but not quite the man.

James Saunders's **Fall** (a characteristically cosily punning title: it is the beginning of autumn) at Hampstead posits Three Sisters who foregather in their Home Counties garden with their mother. They are there ostensibly to watch their father die: in reality to embody the author's representations of contemporary womanhood as, respectively, disillusioned social reformer (Julie Covington), distraught guru-chaser (Cecily Hobbs), aimless go-with-the-flow-er (Sylvestra Le Touzel) and vague but kindly and marginally content older generation (Gwen Watford). Four fine actresses thus go to the wall in a stumbling and endlessly reiterated clash of smug archetypes that Claire Bretécher would have years ago dismissed as spurious. □

Mervyn Jones

Good food v. the guides

FREQUENTLY — far more frequently nowadays than in past years — I pass a restaurant whose window is bedizened with recommendations: Good Food Guide, Egon Ronay, Fay Maschler. I never go in.

When a restaurant achieves this stack of recommendations, three things happen. The regular customers, who originally picked it out on its merits, are soon outnumbered by expense-account spenders, people who only go to restaurants on their wedding-day, innocents from Biggleswade and transients from Vancouver or Singapore. Even, God help us, Nigerian diplomats with cars straddling the pavement and collecting unpaid parking tickets.

Secondly and consequently, the restaurant becomes so crowded that you can't get in without advance booking. As at a theatre whose show is favoured by Keith Prowse, the phone isn't answered. If you do secure a table, overworked waiters ignore requests for any commodity not automatically supplied, such as water. The tables are shifted closer and closer together. The noise level approaches that of a prison during a riot. The air, poisoned by people who smoke between courses or who are vainly trying to get the bill, crosses the barrier from unpleasant to perilous.

Thirdly and ineluctably, the food is no longer good — if it ever was, which is by no means always the case. The cook, justifiably, despises the customers. Expense-account diners either judge the food solely by price and quantity, and consume steaks as thick as their own minds, or else live in fear of the scales and eat only salads. Criticisms are lost in the flurry and the din, and certainly are never heeded. The manager's routine 'Is everything all right?' is as hollow a formality as the duty officer's 'Any complaints?' in the Army mess-hall. Profit is assured; if this or that customer vows not to return, his or her absence will be no loss. Like a novelist loaded with prizes and included in lists, the restaurant doesn't need to try.

The evidence of this indifference to quality is seen in the efforts to disguise the basic ingredients, still faintly recognisable as meat and vegetables. Sauces reach the consistency of wallpaper-paste. Black pepper, dispensed from monstrous creaking machines, is sprayed like plastic bullets in Belfast. Waiters are instructed to recommend, as 'today's special', whatever has outstayed its welcome in the deep-freeze. It will all taste the same, or can be made to do so, regardless of nomenclature. Not long ago, in a much-acclaimed restaurant, I ordered venison and received stewing-steak, drenched in Bulgarian wine. I didn't complain; I wasn't paying.

Some readers, among this journal's far-flung

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Nick Maland

subscription list, will say at this point: 'Ah well, you shouldn't live in London.' But the plague is epidemic in the sleepiest villages of Devon or Norfolk, infecting what were once honest and unassuming hostelries. Incurably brainwashed in Soho, the captive of the recommendations becomes incapable of making an unguided choice when on the way to the seaside, a country weekend or a regional sales conference. Friends will say: 'Oh, you must eat at the Old Grey Lion — there's nowhere else.'

Hence — though the process, happily, isn't complete — it becomes impossible for any purveyor of cooked food to do without an endorsement on penalty of seeing potential customers scrutinise the window and pass on. Establishments that are denied a recommendation protest that they are victims of discrimination and eventually secure one — if not from one source of guidance, then from another. By now, the guidance has become meaningless. No country, however devotedly gastronomic, could possibly have as many good restaurants as there are alleged to be in modern Britain.

But of all the compendia of meaningless distinction, the most intrinsically absurd is the one that simply and boldly calls itself the *Good Food Guide*. It is reasonable, at least in principle, for a guide to proceed on the method first devised by the *Guide Michelin* in France: that is, to confer approval on restaurants tested by inspectors employed for their experience and expertise. The system can be faulted, for instance for failing to allow for varying tastes, but one can't deny it a degree of credibility. The *Good Food Guide* is not like that. Its recommendations are made by a host of volunteers, advancing their own opinions.

Its success, I suppose, can be explained by its pleasing air of English amateurism, as contrasted with French academic rigour. But there's really no reason why you or I should accept the judgment of Mr White, who is a stranger to us and offers no credentials, any more than his literary or musical enthusiasms. And when Mr White is backed by Mrs Green and Dr Black, this system appears more rather than less dubious.

Mr White, for all I know, is disposed to give a helping hand to a restaurant that is next to his place of work, or belongs to a chap who was at school with him, or has recently started up and is struggling to become viable, or gives him a courteous welcome, or has comfortable chairs and a nice log fire. He readily persuades himself that the food, of which he fancies himself as a judge, is deserving of praise. Mrs Green and Dr Black, who are friends of his and often influenced by him (for Mr White is a man of strong character), are reluctant to disagree. The restaurant goes into the *Good Food Guide* with three recommendations from different addresses. No imputation of dishonesty or conspiracy to deceive is, as the lawyers say, made or implied — merely kindliness and a desire to encourage initiative, which in England count for more than scrupulous accuracy.

Of course, Mr White doesn't know that he is starting to ruin the restaurant. He doesn't know that there are good restaurants whose faithful customers would regard it as a disservice to offer them the poisoned chalice of a public recommendation, and whose owners don't seek it. There are several on my private list. Where are they? Ah, that would be telling. □

Naseem Khan

On the road

WORK IN PROGRESS

IF you'd happened to have been moving round East Anglia a few weeks ago, chances are that you might have seen a somewhat unusual sight. A group of people doggedly pushing a cart along might not have seemed more than passingly strange. But when they stopped, unloaded the cart and proceeded to turn it into the backdrop for an instant show, then it is hardly surprising that curious crowds tended to gather.

Street theatre as a device has declined since the heady days of '68. Why exactly would need a book — money, time, age, weather and many other factors. And maybe it simply proved inappropriate, as Bob Hescott suggested in his *Feast of Fools*, in which he charted the growth of community theatre in Nottingham. 'People on a street are there for another purpose,' he said sensibly.

> They are going somewhere. At worst the street theatre becomes an irritating obstacle course for them. At best they stop and watch for a limited period, ten minutes being a long time. I have seen street theatre work at demonstrations. But this is playing to the converted and surely the whole point of street theatre is to reach a wider audience.

The Satellites, who travelled round East Anglia late this summer, would see themselves more as travelling theatre rather than the more overtly political street theatre. It's a small group — two men and one woman — and, as much out of necessity as choice, overlaps skills: music, story-telling, puppetry, theatre. For roots, they like to go back to folk tales and myths. The cart itself however has a more recent origin. In the 1920s, said the group, a man called Walter Wilkinson had travelled round the country with a push-cart that turned into a puppet show. As he journeyed, he docketted, Cobbett-like, his response to the world around him, a love of the countryside, a basic humanity and a detestation of that new monster, the motor car. 'Walking pace,' the group discovered on their trek last year from Kenmare to Cork in S-W Ireland, 'offers a genuine opportunity to contact people, and pushing a magical cart of surprises is bound to provide a meeting ground.'

There are, of course, problems when you step out of the normal mode of doing things. Satellite don't believe in a fixed itinerary, preferring to leave themselves open to creative instinct on the road. This means that not only are they very hard to find, but that — with little advance publicity — audiences for what is a singularly delightful show are smaller than they could have been. Total freedom has its price. After a point, it seems that it could become self-defeating.

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It took me several days of hunting to run Satellite to earth. 'Great Walsingham area', said their very rough schedule. There's lots going on in Great Walsingham — a bijou Tudor town marooned in a time warp of medieval sanctity. 'Pilgrimages', say the leaflets in the post office; rosaries are on sale in the local stores. But there were no signs of the Satellites and their *Great World Snail Show*. Eventually I came upon them by chance on a small village green some miles away and followed their progress to the coastal town of Wells-Next-the-Sea.

Their elusive show made the hunt well worth while. A quick, bright blitz of a play, mingled in with music and puppets, it is part-fairground and part-modern morality play. Like their patron, Walter Wilkinson, they have drawn observations from the state of the world and peddled them back to their audiences in dramatic form, not directly but transmuted.

THE GREAT WORLD SNAIL SHOW is the story of an archetypal braggart, Angus the Invincible, who decides — much to the distress of his Twankey-like mother — that his ambition is to become King of the World. This he proceeds to do. Dressed in saucepan lid and colander armour, provided by a cheery Beelzebub, he smashes and bashes his way through all the empires of the known world. (Pause to let the audience feel his muscles and to enlist a child for a short sword fight, since this is participatory theatre.) But Angus's reign of terror is not to last. The sound of drumming heralds the approach of a large jolly snail. But it transpires he cannot win against genuine pacifism. Enraged, his helmet explodes and Angus expires — not for ever, though. The final section — which still needed work to make it a credible climax — shows him purged of destructive instincts and transformed into a free-flying bird. The show ends in jollity and song.

For a mere half-hour, it was an extraordinarily successful mix of humour and colour, music and message; and it worked well with a range of ages. The three Satellites — Andy Burton, Gill Bond and Tim Fleming — have evolved a style that was large enough to work in the open air without losing subtlety and charm.

To make it sharper, they need to work on its darker sides: Beelzebub, an arms dealer, could be more sinister than he is, and Angus's sword flourishing should ever so slightly scare the audience. After all, there's no point having liberation and resolution without a convincing struggle first.

As the military aircraft tear and crash their way overhead, there is a clear moral point to be seen.

Satellite don't underline it. They are interested in the principle rather than the application. How much their heady mix of liberation, peace and rebirth is understood (particularly the mystical end) is perhaps debatable. Or how they would survive in a tougher environment. But there will undoubtedly be both children and adults who will remember this gentle invasion in years to come and to whom the group's uncompromising mode of progress will also seem all of a piece. They challenge ideas of what is possible — always a healthy thing. □

TELEVISION

Mary Harron

Hamsters

I ONLY LASTED through 15 minutes of the BBC's coverage of the first day of the SDP party conference, which was painfully worthy and concerned — like being trapped inside the mind of Polly Toynbee. So it wasn't until Panorama's **Limehouse Blues** (BBC-1) that I realised what I'd been missing. This went straight for the vicious infighting at the local level within the Alliance. It was at Newham that they struck paydirt. First we had SDP Councillor John Haggerty bitching about his Liberal colleagues in oily tones. But he was quite outdone by Liberal Councillor Ann Winfield, who said of the local SDP: 'They're from the right wing of the Labour party and most of them are quite fascistic . . .' 'What do you mean by fascistic?' asked Fred Emery, his voice trembling slightly — he obviously couldn't believe his luck. 'I wouldn't consider them even right-wing, I'd consider them quite fascist in the way they behave,' she explained, adding matter of factly. 'Anybody who's not a Liberal is an enemy.'

Elsewhere *Panorama* showed the SDP in more self-lacerating mood, worrying about their image. 'Volvo driving, claret drinkers — middle aged and middle class,' sighed one. 'I don't want to be part of a bland, soggy party of *fudge*,' worried another. But no, no, no, no they're *fascinating*! Beneath that bland, soggy surface the Alliance seethes with animal passion. It's like watching a group of pet hamsters turn savage and begin to tear each other apart.

Soon the SDP will have earned their own blockbuster mini-series: 'They wanted power — and they'd do anything to get it.' In the meantime we have had to make do with **Lace** (ITV). I never got anywhere with the book, which read like it was written by committee and had the most unpleasantly cold and unconvincing sex scenes. A kindly *New Statesman* person has just filled me in on the real plot, which was full of incest and rape and was cleaned up for the American television market. That explains why there was so little action.

The dilemma, in this cleaned-up version, was how to make one basic mystery — which of three glamorous women is the mother of French porno star Lili — last four hours. The mini-series achieved this, ingeniously, by making all the characters very stupid. They took hours to react to things, made very slow descents down staircases, spent long minutes staring blankly out of windows, and were incapable of exchanging vital information.

It was painfully slow but it was gripping, and produced floods of tears at the end. *All* blockbusters work better on television, because you don't have to deal with the prose and the fantasies are more nakedly expressed. Having cut out the porno bits the televised *Lace* was turned into Mills and Boon fairy tale: French counts offering marriage, Arab princes galloping up on horseback, first love the way it never is in real life and lots of glamorous regrets.

The characters behaved untruthfully throughout, but like all successful blockbusters it caught something real. Here it was women's fear of ageing, the disappointments and frustrated dreams — but kept comfortable by a fantasy plot and an unlikely happy ending. It also sported the most surreal costume design so far; perhaps it was because Lili was an angel of vengeance, but she always appeared in feathers and in her first scene seemed to have a buzzard wrapped around her head. Everyone over-acted furiously, but Anthony Higgins struggled manfully under layers of swarthy make-up as Prince Abdullah and delivered lines like 'Let me teach you about love' with a certain aplomb. Brooke Adams delivered lines like 'I've had my own teachers in love — Doris Day, Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters!' without blushing, and proved what a fine and under-rated actress she is.

SOE — Setting Europe Ablaze, BBC's new series about the work of the Special Operations Executive in the Second World War, sounded like a dramatic tale of saboteurs and secret agents. Alternatively, it could have been a cool analysis of the infiltration (Kim Philby was one of the organisers), the Nazi double agents and the politics of it all. Judging by episode one, it is about model airplanes. Not entirely; it's also about model trains.

It was real *Boy's Own* stuff. A series of Colonels and Brigadiers appeared (the best was a man called Gubbins, in true Ealing Comedy style), not one of whom could pronounce their Rs. They talked about Weconnaisance and the Wumanian Wesistance and Wommel in the desert, but the real excitement was reserved for the model airplanes and explosive devices and how they worked. They were very brave men (and women), and no doubt that *Eagle* mentality helped to win the war. But it is rather alarming if a BBC's series is happy to present that as the whole story, forty years on.

Having sagged badly last season, **Minder** (ITV) is back in snappy comic form. No sentimentality in this first episode: just Arthur breezing into a sweetshop with 'Has my *Investors Chronicle* come in?', Inspector Chisholm looking for a cache of '1,000 pairs of highly expensive sporting footwear' and another sidekick, Arnie, to torture: 'Sign this — a paw mark will do in your case.' And Terry has something approaching a human haircut.

ITV has a little gem in a new series of oral history, **The Making of Modern London 1914-1939**. The first programme dealt with the American Invasion — cultural and economic. A tiny ancient Lady Charlotte Bonham Carter recalled the jitterbug: 'The Americans are so lively and amusing and they haven't our inhibitions . . . They had plenty of funds which they scattered about and gave one lovely presents.' Most moving was another tiny old lady describing being bombed by a German Zeppelin in 1915. 'It passed slowly overhead, they sort of *swanned* along' and then they were sitting in rubble. 'Then the street was full of people come to see what happened to us. They stepped in — the outside wall was gone — and they all left money, on the ledge, anywhere they could.' Very different times. □

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Weekend competition

No 2839 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

As a sequel to our 10 February comp (words heard on stepping over the threshold which make you wish you hadn't come), we should now like some polite remarks guaranteed to get rid of guests who look like staying for ever. Max six entries per comper by 26 September.

No 2836 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Agony Aunts and Uncles reply to the heroines and heroes of classical mythology.

Report **By Di Dact**

Peter Rabbit may *just* about count as a hero of classical mythology; Samuel Johnson does not. Those concerned (they'll know who they are) will stay indoors on Saturday morning and learn one hundred and fifty lines from *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*. The rest of you have done splendidly — no doubt overjoyed at the cast-iron excuse to write about nothing but sex and violence. Ten pounds each to those of you printed. (And Mary, dear, in answer to your question: the only feminine form of 'avuncular' is 'auntly'. Yes, I agree, but life's like that.)

Dear L,

By Jove! You seem to have become involved in Swan-Upping in a quite spectacular way. Whatever took place at the time, I think it would be unwise of you to blow the eggs; they are probably Divine in any case. No. I don't see much point in your avoiding rivers from now on. Love will find a way, you know. As a matter of fact you have been comparatively lucky — just think: bulls! goats! eagles! Titans!! So stop moaning, sweetie, and get hatching!

GERARD BENSON

Dear Prometheus,

You've got quite a problem, and I agree there's not a lot you can do to improve your social life at the moment. Your isolated situation (have you lobbied your local councillor about poor transport facilities?) will stop your joining evening classes or singles clubs — usually excellent ways to break the alone-ness barrier. But be positive — few people, for example, have such a golden opportunity to observe the eagle at close quarters, so why not develop your interest in ornithology? I've enclosed my special leaflet 'Pain — and how to live with it'. Sea air is a tonic — so take as much open air exercise as you can. Even deep breathing helps banish blues — think of the marvellous tan you can acquire. And if you and your 'partner' still like bondage, that's OK by the rest of us.

D.A. PRINCE

Dear Hercules,

In all my years as Agony Harpy (I speak as an immortal) I have never known anybody make so much fuss about a SHIRT — a big strong man like you too!! If you can't take it off you must be out of your mind. Either it buttons down the front, or (if it is one of your personalised lion-hunter skinfits) you must peel it off like a pullover. Burning it off on the neighbourhood barbecue, and in the presence of children, will not endear you to the local community.

JOHN PURKIS

Dear Narcissus,

Don't look in the mirror. Wash twice a week in cold water (no soap) and use a smooth towel. Eat chip butties, sticky buns and frozen pizzas — no fruit, vegetables or anything with 'vitamins' on the label. Go out only in cold wet weather, wearing an unwashed muffler and cap, thin socks and trainers. Worry. Stand at bus-stops (exercise is *out*) and don't put hands in pockets. If you have started shaving, use an electric razor with worn comb. No aftershave. *Still don't look in the mirror.* Soon you will have chilblains, constipation, slow circulation and sluggish skin glands. Keep worrying. When you feel little lumps on your face (technically, pustules), continue the treatment for another three weeks. *Now look in the mirror.* You will be amazed at the result, and your old trouble will have gone.

W.S. BROWNLIE

Not long ago I met a very influential older man who asked me to go and live with him. At first it was exciting, but the trouble is that most of the time he just wants me to be around to serve him drinks and be admired by his friends. He doesn't understand that I need to get out and meet people of my own age. I'm not ashamed of being gay, but I don't want to get trapped in a stereotyped dead-end relationship which might end in bitterness. Should I just walk out, or try to talk things over with him?

Ganymede.

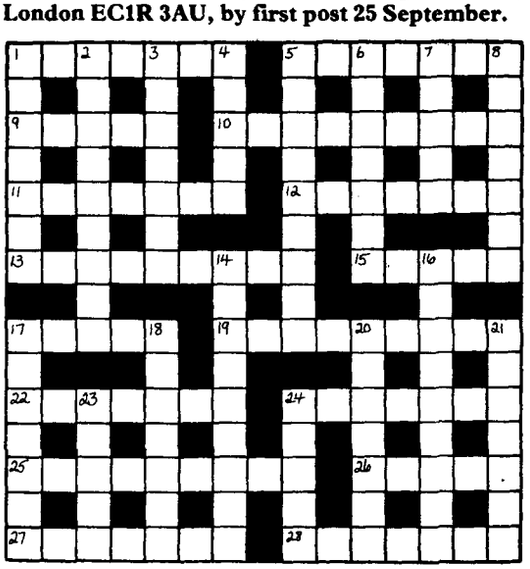
Dear Ganymede,

Aren't you underestimating yourself — and him? Your partner might welcome a fuller and freer relationship, but perhaps he is afraid to make bigger emotional demands. In any case, it seems to me that you have more comfort and security than most young people these days. Try being patient.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Weekend Crossword 1453

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1452, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 25 September.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

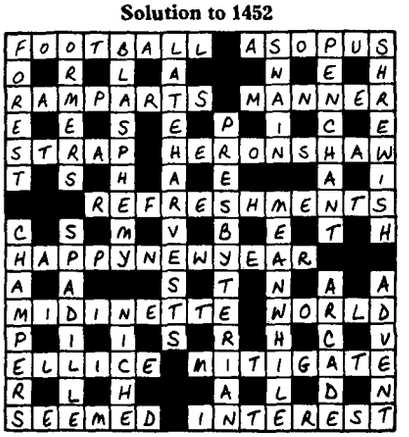
1. Small number consecrated as being most virtuous (7)
5. Lead astray when crazy about Man, for example (7)
9. Give out the conclusion of the poll (5)
10. Feasts exist in counter openings (9)
11. Charlie enters a branch of medicine to charm (7)
12. Grow together to be a hundred on an island (9)
13. Parts sent astray in church (9)
15. Made an animal noise when a pound in debt (5)
17. Field for the expert (5)
19. Writer who has an unusual secret about the front (9)
22. Routes which make it sound as if the atmosphere is heavy (7)
24. Gives back the profits (7)
25. Gone crazy in shouting for the masses (9)
26. Means of propelling a cutter (5)
27. Player out of work for ages? (7)
28. They go to sleep so dress becomes untidy (7)

DOWN

1. Those most closely related live in the home (7)
2. Kind of protection needed when caught between lake and molten stream (9)
3. Catches parents in disarray (7)
4. Where to be embraced by a bird? (5)
5. Bird discovers short answer lies in amalgamation (9)
6. Means of copying material for clients (7)
7. Draw out for an oriental ruler (5)
8. Go down south in a month and retire (7)
14. What beak and nose do for a hypocrite (9)
16. There are great possibilities in a wet being disposed to create a scandal (9)
17. Opportunity when over fifty for place in church (7)
18. Medicine which leaves stale smell if particular spot is removed (7)
20. Where to live surrounded by those who are hostile (7)
21. Nurses are needed when one is in a state of stress (7)
23. The point of collapse? (5)
24. Cut down since being in debt? (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1452



Prizewinners to 1452

Martin Smith (Oxford)
Miss P. White (Birmingham)
Adam Menuge (York)

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★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

CAMPAIGN

CAMPAIGN FOR HOMOSEXUAL EQUALITY
CHE campaigns for Lesbian & Gay Rights nationally & locally in England & Wales. We depend on the activity of individual campaign members & financial contributions from supporters. For information about our recent campaign successes & how you can help us please write to:
CHE, 274 Upper Street, Islington, London N1 2UA.

THE SOCIETY *for Legal and Social Justice* seeks new members and patrons. Kindly ring 01-450 1988.

COUNSELLING

PERSONAL, RELATIONSHIP and sexual counselling with experienced and qualified counsellor. Weekly sessions. 01-299 1777.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ANY LONDON employment considered. Responsible lady, youthful 50s, fluent French, German, teaching, secretarial, catering qualifications. Tel 01-586 3545 am till 11, pm 6-8. Box 8984.

APPOINTMENTS

astms

require a
Secretarial Assistant
for team work in a busy National Officers' department in Camden Town. Shorthand/typing skills essential. Interest in TU Movement an advantage. Salary from **£7,588** including Inner London Allowance. **5 weeks holiday, 34 hour week.** Contact **Anne (ext. 279)** or **Linda (ext. 277)** on **01-267 4422** for information.

APPOINTMENTS

ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

Political and Parliamentary Co-ordinator

The RCN is a certificated independent trade union which is non-party politically affiliated and which has a still growing membership of 235,000 qualified and student nurses. It is considered vital at this stage of growth to appoint a Co-ordinator to develop and organise the political and Parliamentary work of the College.

The objectives of the appointee will be to promote the College and to ensure that, as the professional organisation and trade union for nurses, it will be perceived as the body with which central government will consult. As a means of achieving these objectives it will be necessary to establish effective working relationships with members of both Houses and with Parliamentary, Lobby and Health Media Correspondents.

Remuneration will be negotiable up to £14K and the appointment may be made in either a salaried staff or fee earning capacity. The post is London based.

Suitably experienced graduates with a track record which evidences an appropriate contacts network are invited to apply for further details to the Principal Personnel Officer, Royal College of Nursing, 20 Cavendish Square, London W1M 0AB. Tel: 01-409 3333. Closing date for return of forms: Friday 28th September 1984.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Please mention NEW STATESMAN when replying to advertisements.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

National Union of Public Employees

AREA OFFICER VACANCIES

NUPE

Britain's fifth largest Trade Union, the National Union of Public Employees, with almost 700,000 members, is reconstituting its Full-Time Officer Panel, from which future appointments to Full-Time Officer posts will be made.
Applications to be placed on the Panel are invited from Trade Union members with a proven record of activity, involvement in and commitment to the Trades Union and Labour Movement. The Union would be particularly interested in receiving applications from women and ethnic minorities.

On appointment, an Area Officer's salary is **£9,475.00** per annum, and a London Weighting Allowance of **£1,157.57** per annum is paid where appropriate.

For further details and an application form, please send a postcard with your name and address on to: **Mr Allan Taylor, National Organisation Officer, NUPE, 20 Grand Depot Road, Woolwich, London SE18 6SF.**

The closing date for applications is:
Wednesday 10 October 1984.

CTUC
Commonwealth Trade Union Council

APPOINTMENTS

The Commonwealth Trade Union Council is proposing the following appointments:

Secretary to the Director

As well as normal secretarial duties the position involves administrative responsibilities for the CTUC Office, Congress House, London. **Salary £9,232.90 (Grade 2/1 of TUC Scale).**

Applications by 21 September 1984

Project Co-ordinator, Southern Africa

To be based in Harare, Zimbabwe, to co-ordinate assistance to trade unions in the region, for a period of 2 years, starting 1 January 1985. The position requires direct experience of trade union education and entails administrative responsibilities.
Salary range £10,326.14 - £13,561.62 (Grade 3 of TUC Scale).

Applications by 1 October 1984 to:

Commonwealth Trade Union Council
Congress House
Great Russell Street
London WC1B 3LS
Tel: 01-631 0728

The CTUC is an equal opportunities employer

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RESEARCH WORKER

The Battersea and Wandsworth Irish Committee, which was formed in late 1983 to promote Irish activity in the Borough of Wandsworth as a contribution to the GLC Anti-Racist Year, requires a person to carry out research into the contribution of the Irish community to life in London since the mid-Nineteenth Century. The person appointed will carry out research with a view to publication in pamphlet form of a non-academic history of the Irish in London, suitable for distribution to schools, libraries and community organisations and for sale to other interested bodies.

The post which will be for **six months**, carries a wage of **£180** per week (inclusive of London Weighting).

Please apply to: **The Convenor, BWIC, 177 Lavender Hill, London SW11,** with details of CV.

For further information please telephone **01-350 0661.**

The BWIC is supported by the GLC

SERVICES

ANCESTRY TRACED reliably and efficiently. Details from Anthony Fletcher, 26a Muirkirk Road, London SE6 1BE. Tel. 01-698 6120.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

TYPING, FAST and accurate all documents, photo-copying, reasonable rates. Evenings 01-951 0627.

TYPING, WORD processing and translation. Fast efficient service. Collection and delivery service. The Transcription Service 01-735 2964.

WRITING GRANDMOTHER active, thrifty, conscientious, offers caretake isolated/vulnerable holiday home(s) 1-6 mths, foc/pittance: resourceful); refs. Box 9226.

SOCIETIES

NINE MEN'S MORRIS. Details are available from the Society's founder, T.A. Layton, 3 Sussex Road, Hove, BN3 2WD.

BOOKS

BEVERLY SISSONS, a prison teacher's book 'An Inside Job' £3.50 post free, from Freshfields, Publishers, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

THERAPY

CARING BODYMIND PSYCHOTHERAPIST (Registered member – Association for Bodymind Therapy). Phone 01-794 4038.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

CUBA. Fortnightly holidays available, including six day tour of Cuba. Contact: Ashley Holidays 0709 544083.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

PORTUGAL: ESTORIL coast, 2 bedroom, fully equipped flat, 5 mins beach, 20 mins Lisbon City. From £65 p.w. Special rates longer stays. Tel. 0656 740408.

MOSCOW by sleeper train £180 & KIEV £170
3-13 Nov, 22 Dec-1 Jan
5 days with full board & excellent sightseeing programme

ALGERIA and the Saharan Oases £200
23 Dec-5 Jan

PEKING £600
Includes full board with nine days sightseeing in the area of Peking and The Great Wall. Travelling by the Trans-Siberian route. 2 days in Moscow
29 Oct-27 Nov

School Groups, clubs, factory groups qualify for considerable reductions

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 14 SEPT

BOLTON 'The Labour Campaign for Gay Rights' Spkr. Paul Fairweather. 8pm Bolton Socialist Club, 16 Wood St (off Bradshaw Gate).

SAT 15 SEPT

LONDON March to mark beginning of Civil Defence Week. Assemble 11.30 at Creighton North Wing, Creighton Ave, Muswell Hill. Route via Muswell Hill Broadway and local blds earmarked for civil defence to The Grove, Alexandra Park for picnic. (bring food). **Details: Muswell Hill CND Dave Andrews 01-883 1163.**

LONDON Community CopyArt workshop. Theme 'Vive la Resistance'. 12-3pm 15a Hawley St, NW1 267 7342. Develop your own statement of resistance to current state of world affairs.

WEYBRIDGE 'Build a Bomb – Starve a Child' March against the Arms Race. Assemble 10.30am opposite 'Mitre', Heath Rd. March to Walton. **Org. Elmbridge CND.**

SUN 16 SEPT

LONDON 'To cap it All' – a concert for Local Democracy. 7pm Royal Festival Hall, SE1. Hank Wangford, the Darts, Mint Juleps, etc. Tickets £8, £5, £3/£2 unwaged. **Details: Local Government Campaign Unit 01-387 9893.**

LONDON Concert for Chile 7pm Irish Centre, Camden Sq, NW1. Tickets £2.50/£1.50 unwaged from CSC 272 4298 or Camden Labour Centre, 8 Camden Rd 267 1676. **Org. Chile Solidarity Campaign, 129 Seven Sisters Rd, N7.**

MON 17 SEPT

BATTERSEA 'CND's opposition to Government's Civil Defence Plans explained' by Fred Barker (Nat. CND's Nuclear Free Zone & Civil Defence organiser). 7.30pm Junction Resource Centre, 248 Lavender Hill, SW11. **Details: Sue Jones, Battersea CND Publicity Officer 01-928 8989 x. 2460.**

LAMBETH 'Defend Local Democracy, the GLC' & Rally for the Miners. Spkrs incl Tony Benn, Paul Boateng. 7.30pm Lambeth Town Hall Assembly Rooms. **Org. Streatham Labour Party.**

TUES 18 SEPT

LONDON Joint GAS/SSS meeting 'The Statistical Systems of the Metropolitan Boroughs' Spkr. John S. Chapman Head of Intelligence Unit GLC. 4.30pm Manson Theatre LSHTM Visitors welcome. **Details from: Denise Lievesley, SCPR, 35 Northampton Sq, EC1V 0AX 01-250 1866.**

CARSHALTON 'First Steps to Nuclear Disarmanent' Spkr Bruce Kent 8pm Carshalton Public Hall.

ESHER 'Nuclear Weapons are No Defence. What are the Alternatives?' Spkrs Jonathan Porritt (Ecology Party), Mike Gapes (Labour Party. 8pm King George's Hall. Adm. Free. **Org. Elmbridge CND.**

WED 19 SEPT

LONDON Report back meeting of Labour Movement delegation to Chile 7pm Friends' House, Euston Rd, NW1. **Org. Chile Solidarity Campaign 272 4298.**

ISLINGTON Nuclear Winter & Civil Defence Video shows. Cttee Rm 1, Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. 12.15-1.15, 6-8.30pm. Bunker Tours 12.15-5.30pm Info. Desk, Town Hall.

THURS 20 SEPT

MUSWELL HILL Civil Defence evening with films 'Guide to Armageddon', 'Protect & Survive'. Discn. led by Dr John Launer (MCANW). Adm free. **Details: Jane Morley 01-889 0571.**

MUSWELL HILL Support Greenham Womens' 10-day Action. Coach leaves from Muswell Hill Odeon 10am. £5 return. Women only. **Bkings & Info. 01-883 4816/883 1309.**

LONDON 'A New Look at Feminism Today – The Changed Face of Germaine Greer?' Spkr Eda Collins. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Adm 75p/UB40. **Org. Woman-Man Relationship Grp of Progressive League.**

FRI 21 SEPT

WHITBY 'Socialism and the Media in 1984' Whitby Labour Party 4th Weekend School. Spkrs incl David Douglass Yorks NUM Exec, Roland Boyes MP. Workshops & Socials. **Details: Susan Griffiths, 23 Anchorage Way, Whitby, N. Yorkshire. 0947 605849.**

LONDON Women & Unemployment Conf. at University of London Students' Union, Malet St, WC1. Women only, many workshops, theatre, films, creche, wheelchair access. **Details/application forms: Heather Tipton 01-572 3764.**

SWINDON 'George Orwell – Revolutionary?' Spkr Paul Foot 7.30pm Town Hall Studios, Town Hall. Tickets free from Swindon 26161 x3132. Org. Thamesdown Community Arts.

SAT 22 SEPT

LONDON 'Which way forward for the Public Sector?' Socialist Economic Review Annual Conf. 10.30am County Hall, SE1. **Details: Paul Bowles, 32 Radnor Rd, Bristol, BS7 8QY.**

MUSWELL HILL Support 10-dy Action at Greenham. 10am Coach leaves Muswell Hill Odeon. £5 return/women only. **Bkings/info. 01-883 4816/883 1309.**

LEEDS Women in Print Conf 1-5pm Kitson College Printing & Photography Dept. **Details: Marysia Dubeck Leeds 461344.**

LONDON Children Planning & Play Conf. A new initiative to gather experimental, innovative projects and practitioners. Architects, planners, landscape architects, artists, designers, educationalists, play-workers, community/tenants assocs. will collaborate on ideas for urban play-spaces and strategies for future projects. Send s.a.e. to **Jane Riches, 17a Tufnell Park Road, N7 0PG.**

LONDON NHS Festival 11am-5.30pm Jubilee Gdns, County Hall, SE1.

SUN 23 SEPT

LONDON 7th Annual Festival for Racial Harmony 1.30pm-5.30pm Lloyd Park, Forest Rd, E17. Adm. Free. **Details: 01-558 1992.**

LONDON 'Songs for Freedom' Philippines Support Concert. 7-10pm Camden Center, Bidborough St, NW1. Tickets £3/£1.50 unwaged. Bar, Filipino food. **Details: 01-221 6601/603 1813.**

FORTHCOMING

24 SEPT YORK 'Focus on Women' – 6-wkly sessions every Tues. 7-9pm College of Ripon & York St John. Registration opens today £5/£2.50 UB40. **Details: Trish Newton York 56771/Pat Lyons Ripon 2691.**

24 SEPT LONDON Benefit for CND by Musicians against Nuclear Arms. 7.30pm St Martins in the Fields, Trafalgar Sq. Mana Chamber Orchestra conducted by Sir Charles Groves. Tickets £2.50/£1.50 unwaged at door.

25 SEPT ACTON 'Civil Defence & the bomb' Spkr. David Caplin (SANA). plus 'The War Game'. 7.30pm Acton Town Hall, W3. Wheelchair access. **Org. ACTON CND.**

26 SEPT LONDON Public Meeting org. by Battersea & Wandsworth Irish Cttee. 7.30pm Court House, Community Centre, Garratt Lane. **Details: 177 Lavender Hill, SW11. 01-350 0661.**

27 SEPT LONDON 'Stop the City' 8am-6pm Meet at St. Pauls or Finsbury Sq. Protest and carnival against war, exploitation and profit. **Details: Box STC, c/o Housmans, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1.**

27 SEPT DUDLEY 'What next for the USSR?' Marxism Today meeting with Mark Harrison, Soviet Affairs expert. 7.30pm Dudley Library, St. James Road. **Details: 0384 238216.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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MEETINGS

A MEMORIAL MEETING will be held for Heinz Otto Schild on Thursday 4 October, in the Small Meeting House in Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, at 12 noon.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme. Informal Question/Answer Meeting, 'The Bhagavad-Gita as Yoga'. Sun. 16 Sept 8 p.m. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

FINANCIAL

FINANCE HOUSE. Business, mortgage and personal brokerage etc. 705 Moston Lane, Manchester M10 9QD. 061-682 7130.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

COURSES & TRAINING

AUTUMN/WINTER PROGRAMME of low cost events: 14-16 Sept: Fungus Weekend. 28-30 Sept: Permaculture. 5-7 Oct: Rough Woodwork — Creative Carpentry. 19-21 Oct: Walking Weekend. 7-9 Dec: Peace Weekend. 4-6 Jan: Winter Celebration. Send s.a.e. to Lower Shaw Farm, Shaw, Nr Swindon, Wilts, or tel. 0793 771080.

GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel: Chorley Wood 4792.

THE CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY, Upper Harley Street, London. Training and treatment available. For details telephone 01-935 3070.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers a unique educational and cultural experience. Expert tuition in the Italian language (all levels), the Florentine Renaissance, Mannerism & Baroque, Drawing & Water Colouring. Special 9 month 'A' Level courses in Italian and Art History. Splendid premises & library in historic centre. Accommodation arranged.

Prospectus from: **David Rundle, Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, Florence, Italy. Tel. 010-39 55 284 031.**

REMINDER

There is still time to enrol for a course on

'No Nonsense Economics'

Telephone or attend either opening evening: 7 p.m. 18 & 20 Sept. Course 12 weeks, fee £15.

ESSRA School of Economic Studies, 177 Vauxhall Bride Road, London SW1V 1ER. Tel: 01-834 4979

Make sure your meeting isn't beyond the fringe!

For details of special advertising rates for fringe meetings at this year's conference telephone **David Jones** at the **New Statesman** on:

01-251 5487 NOW!

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

WELSH HILLS. Aquarian conspirator seeks one person (n/s) to share small old farmhouse. Box 9234.

HEARTSEARCH

HEARTSEARCH ADS MAKE CONTACTS SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE. Just **£4** buys you an ad. of up to **24 WORDS** and a **FREE BOX NUMBER!** If you want to say more, **extra words are only 26p each.** We send your replies on to you at no extra charge. Even sending your ad to us costs nothing if you use our **FREEPOST** address: Classified Dept. New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB. You can also phone your ad in to us and pay by credit card: Telephone 01-251 5487/8. (Note — Free box numbers only available with this offer — min. charge £4). To reply to a box number, write your reply (if more than one reply enclose each in a separate envelope), place in an envelope marked clearly with the box number, and send to: Box No. Replies, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

ACTIVE BUT introverted socialist, male 27, gay, interested in music, films, books, wants to discover the world outside home, in genuine relationship. Central Scotland. Box 9230.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARE YOU looking for a 48 yr-old softly bearded, financially independent antiquary in SW1 London, with leftist views, enjoying the ups and downs of life? Box 9232.

ARTICULATE, TRAVELLED, cultured widow, very young 60s, seeks completely unattached, caring, one-woman professional gentleman to love and care for permanently. Box 9213.

ATTRACTIVE, AFFABLE, fairly affluent engineer, 42, without ties, unchauvinistic and much travelled: likes conversation, countryside, sharing, learning: seeks compatible woman (children welcome), mid-Scotland. Box 9196.

ATTRACTIVE, CARING professional woman, mid 40s, seeks graduate professional man late 40s-55, share classical music, theatre, cinema, wining and dining, good conversation. Greater London. Box 9201.

ATTRACTIVE—LIVELY and ready to go Yoga teacher, 50, divorced, seeks man, n/s, with interests art/music/travel/etc. outlook enjoyment, who knows! (West Country). Box 9224.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DISABLED, ATTRACTIVE, intelligent lady wanted, for friendship and more by tall, attractive, male teacher, 41. Photo appreciated, and returned with mine and illuminating letter. Box 9214.

DIVORCEE, WORKING Mother with teenage children, seeks intelligent, sensitive male friend(s), to share leisure time. Interests — walking, talking, watching soccer, theatre, music etc. Wiltshire. Box 9216.

DRINKING, SMOKING carnivore, vibrant art lecturer, female, 44, residing in cultural backwater in Cheshire, seeks empathetic male, for sukebind gathering and various hedonistic activities. Box 9225.

EAST MIDLANDS/CAMBS, schoolmaster, young 50, tired of all male company, all usual civilised interests, would like to meet lady 45 or under, with view to permanent relationship. Photo appreciated: all letters answered. Box 9117.

FAIRLY ORDINARY, slim, separated, solvent woman (40s, London), would like a fairly ordinary, leftish, non-smoking, fell-walking man to share things with. Box 9215.

FEMALE, 33, leftish feminist, single parent, mature student, completely non-domesticated, seeks male companion with similar interests. Music, cinema, politics. Age and appearance less important than personality and sense of humour. Edinburgh, Fife, Borders area. Box 9211.

INDIAN ENGINEER (44), invites correspondence from solvent, tidy, non-conformist, intellectual females (30-40), for friendship and travel. Common sense and humour appreciated. Box 9191.

LADY, SINCERE, understanding, interested in music, ecology, seeks male 39/50, must have dark eyes, over 5' 6" tall. Photo appreciated/returned. Box 9231.

LIVELY, WARM, professional single woman, 35, seeks North West man with sense of humour, who likes the arts, countryside, travel, etc. Box 9235.

LONDON-BASED, viola-playing female, 40s, who enjoys music, theatre, food, wine, books, travel, would like to meet man over 38, with sense of humour. Box 9188.

LONDON MALE, into 40s, creative career, lively, fit, adventurous, wants life to begin, again, with ideal woman — intelligent, romantic, humorous, sensitive, sensual — and love. Box 9208.

LONDON TEACHER Sp.Ed. male, 38, slim, 5' 7", introspective, NS interests, talking, live music, pubs, travel. Like to meet similar female for companionship. Box 9221.

M & F JEWISH FRIENDSHIP/Marriage Agency has many attractive, intelligent young ladies seeking genuine introductions. Write Box 9204 ot tel. 01-340 5616.

MALE 36, 5' 6", non-smoker has lots of love and affection to offer. Likes music, films, theatre, wining and dining. Wishes to meet sensuous female 20-45 who wants to enjoy mutual pleasures and close encounters without long-term commitment during his visits to London. Photo & phone no. appreciated. Box 9203.

MALE, 37, unattached, leftish, sometimes lonely, with countryside and arts interests, seeks similar female for non-sexist, affectionate, sharing relationship. Yorks/Lancs environs. Box 9152.

MIDDLE-CLASS BUT SOCIALIST male (42), degree, job (London), professional qualifications and vasectomy, enjoys hard work and traditional values, whose loved partner has irretrievably defected to the Liberals, seeks principled and productive, happily-sexual, relaxed and anti-materialistic relationship with interesting, imaginative and physically-attractive comrade (f.). Can we work together, for the Labour Party, for worthwhile single-issue campaigns and for fun? Box 9173.

MALE 5' 10", slim, presentable, seeks companion 25-45, Girl Friday. Adaptable, adventurous, travel orientated, sea and sun. Confidential replies to letters. Box 9190.

MAN, 31, good looking (honest!), busy, caring, learning to live alone, likes pubs, cats, movies, kids, pasta; Springsteen, surprises, folk and attractive ladies, is looking for a woman who is Left, humorous, sensual and wears make-up, to do daft things with. London/SE. Box 9192.

OUTGOING, UNATTACHED, 42 year-old male, seeks an attractive woman in her 20s or 30s, for a loving, caring relationship. Interests include theatre, cinema and good conversation. London area. Box 9169.

PROFESSIONAL LONDON man, 40, 6' tall, good sense of humour, seeks female companion, for friendship, outings etc. Box 9170.

SLIM, ACTIVE, middle-aged male Socialist, 5' 6", seeks unattached, non-smoking, attractive female, to be his friend and lover. Interests: walking, Yoga, vegetarianism, music. West Yorkshire. Box 9189.

SLIM, INTELLIGENT, black nurse, 40, smoker, seeks solvent, reliable and sensible single man, for lasting, caring relationship. Genuine replies only please. London area. Box 9222.

SOUTH WALES/Avon. Tall, attractive, lady graduate, 49, divorced, wishes to meet a professional man (preferably Jewish) to share concerts, theatres, good food and conversation. Box 9198.

SW MIDLANDS. Woman, 35, single parent of nice kids, seeks kind and humorous man, looking for Ms Right. Many interests including music, walking, cinema and books. Box 9212.

S. YORKS, male lecturer, 29 seeks warm, loving girlfriend, to share the intimate pleasures of life with. Hobbies — travel, the outdoors, pubs, cinema, music. Box 9217.

TALL, SENSUOUS man (40s), humorous, irreverent, earthy, missing warmth, affection, intimacy in unsuccessful attachment, seeks attractive, adventurous woman, for no-strings mutual boltholing expeditions. Box 9194.

TEACHER, WIDOWER, tall, lower 60s, looks and feels younger! Wishes to meet woman about 50-60, who is socialist, attractive, likes music, people. Perferably Greater London area. Photo appreciated, returnable. Box 9210.

THOUGHTFUL, GENTLE, professional man, unattached, 36, with many interests, some talents and a few vices, needs a special woman. Photo appreciated (returnable) London. ALA. Box 9171.

VERY ATTRACTIVE professional woman, mid-30s, talented amateur musician, good company, seeks like-minded gentleman under 40, view sharing music, countryside pleasures and family life. Box 9187.

VIVACIOUS INDIAN lady, 31, petite, interested wining and dining, classical music, bridge, theatre, fed up gallivanting, seeks non-smoking companion, 32-43, for fulfilment. Box 9218.

WARM, CARING lady, 36, seeks kind-hearted, loving man to share interests, love, life. Must like/want children. Herts/anywhere. Box 9150.

WELL-BUILT, working class male socialist, with strong left-wing views, wishes to meet woman to share my thoughts with. I'm 30 and very single. My interests include: reading, films, smoking my pipe. Your age, looks totally unimportant. But you must believe in equality. I live in Wales but will travel to meet the right person, to share happy weekends with. A.L.A. Box 9193.

WOMAN 59, recently retired, seeks companion male or female, fond of cooking, countryside and simple life, for Snowdonian cottage holiday. Box 9233 or tel. 021-475 1092.

WOMAN LAWYER, feminine, youthful, hesitant advertiser, but hoping to rebuild life, would like to meet tall, caring, personable and cultured professional man, youthful fifties. London/Oxford. Box 9223.

WOMAN, past 43, own teeth, hair, walking unaided, with no trace of dementia and with the female equivalent of virility, wishes to meet intelligent male, with faculties intact. Box 9172.

WOULD-BE WRITER, male, 26, very good appearance, interesting and communicative, wants to meet an older woman with intellectual interests, for sincere relationship. London. Box 9209.

WOULD YOU like a companion to share things like concerts, theatre, films, food/wine, travel? I am 44, attractive and live in W5, with an almost grown up family. I'd love to hear from a kind man, with a sense of humour. Box 9195.

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